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The Nation

February 4, 1991 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

EDITORIAL

THE WIDER WAR

The twenty-four weeks' crisis, from the expedition of U.S. forces to the Persian Gulf right up to the eve of destruction, had an extraordinary impact on American history, more emphatic and precise, perhaps, than any such short span of events since the run-up to Pearl Harbor. The fury, anxiety and vengefulness of the war itself dramatically changed the scenery on view since summer, but it has not altered the context. As we go to press with the first bombs still bursting over Baghdad, it is impossible to peer far into the dark future of the conflict. The exultant triumphalism of the American media, the bizarre confidence of Saddam Hussein, the gyrations of the stock market and the price of oil and gold make the war world particularly opaque. But it is clear that the first act of this crisis has already introduced new patterns of power, categories of thought and possibilities for politics that together form the basis of a textbook of gulf war lessons to be learned.

The most startling piece of news on the home front during the period of "phony war" was that the old cold war consensus, which automatically provided support for American military thrusts around the world, had come apart and was for all practical purposes broken beyond repair. That's not to say that this and future administrations will refrain from

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LETTERS.

GABH MO LEITHSCÉAL

Washington

Christopher Hitchens's claim in "Lessons Maggie Taught Me" [Dec. 17], "By the Anglo-Irish agreement at Hillsborough she gave up Britain's absurd claim to exclusive sovereignty over Northern Ireland," is simply not true. Britain gave up absolutely nothing, while the Irish government, in violation of its Constitution, accepted Britain's sovereignty over the six counties. The agreement states that "the United Kingdom Government accepts that the Irish Government will put forward views and proposals on matters relating to Northern Ireland" but gives no guarantee that such views will be heeded and, in fact, further states, "There is no derogation from the sovereignty of either the Irish Government or the United Kingdom Government, so that each retains responsibility for the decisions and administration of government within its own jurisdiction"—Northern Ireland, of course, falling under U.K. jurisdiction. Margaret Thatcher made Britain's position clear when she said, "Far from representing any threat to the union of Northern Ireland with the United Kingdom the agreement reinforces the union."

The Hillsborough agreement is merely one more in a series of constitutional wheezes that do little or nothing to tackle the grievances of the nationalist community but a great deal to enhance unionist insecurity. The agreement's loudly touted changes in the administration of justice have never come to fruition, and even peripheral issues, such as encouraging use of Gaelic, have been halfhearted at best.

The part of the agreement crucial to British interests, an increase in cross-border security cooperation, is the only area where the balance is in the black. British soldiers cross the border on a regular basis with no protests from Dublin. Special Branches on both sides exchange intelligence at an unprecedented rate and cross-border searches and arrests are coordinated in ways never before seen.

Hitchens's seemingly innocuous statement underscores the appalling intellectual laziness of the left regarding Ireland. Despite praise—usually in the mainstream media—for "progress" in the north of Ireland, murder, torture and brutality remain legitimate weapons of the state against those in opposition. The Birmingham Six remain in English prisons after sixteen years. And the draconian Prevention of Terrorism Act, condemned by the European Court of Human Rights, has been made permanent. The American left is largely ignorant and silent.

Kerry Lyn Bohen
American Protestants for Truth about Ireland

THE PEACE WARS

New York City

I was disappointed to see Alexander Cockburn weigh in on the side of increased disunity and the split in the antiwar movement ["Beat the Devil," Dec. 31]. His attack on the Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention in the Middle East only deepens the division at a time when he should use his pen to bring those forces together, so we could have had one large demonstration in Washington and not two smaller ones. I am dismayed that the Coalition and the Campaign for Peace in the Middle East were unable to agree on the date for a demonstration against the threatened war against Iraq. It is an outrage that the antiwar movement is engaged in divisive bickering.

It is ironic that in doing so we mirror Bush and Hussein in their inability to agree upon a date for negotiations. Every activist of good will should have pressed for one demonstration. If it meant putting the leadership of both groups into a room and not letting them out until we had a unified date, that is what should have been done. Let us get some sense.

We took a big risk in putting off a demonstration until after January 15, since war could come at any time; therefore, I favored the earliest possible date. A large demonstration after the war starts is of no efficacy in stopping the war. Despite my strong feelings about this, our unity is more crucial. Like most activists, I endorsed both demonstrations, on January 19 and on the 26th. I hope that the leaders of both coalitions will put aside their differences, show some humility and work for a united and powerful antiwar movement.

Michael Ratner

COCKBURN REPLIES

Ardmore, Ireland

I didn't think there was the slightest chance for one demonstration instead of two, so rather than write a pious paragraph urging "unity" I suggested people go to the Campaign's, as a choice based on principle. After all, Hegel said a political party truly exists only when it is divided against itself. Maybe the same is true of the peace movement. Both dates were indeed too late, and there was and is an imperative for getting on the streets as quickly as possible.

I'd think more of Michael Ratner's ecumenism if I didn't remember his letter to *The Nation* of November 26 containing the lines, "Making criticisms of Iraq part of the progressive community's agenda, I believe, is outweighed by the mischief and obfuscation that could cause." The sad thing is that the Workers World group's "strategic" decision not to criticize Iraq (supported by Ratner and I assume by Ramsey Clark) has itself caused confusion and obfuscation on the fringes of a broad national sentiment for peace, readily marshaled in condemnation of Iraq's invasion, in demands that it withdraw but in simultaneous rejection of the war strategy of the U.S.-led force, which has debauched the U.N. Charter, particularly with the adoption of Resolution 678, and sedulously refused steps (guarantee of a conference on Middle East security) that could end the crisis peacefully.

I didn't think there could have been some compromise on the two demonstrations because the Workers World folk are into party building on their own terms and resist coalitions they are unlikely to be able to control. When the Campaign proposed to the Coalition in late December that they issue a joint statement endorsing both demonstrations and declaring January 15 to 28 a period of national protest, the Coalition refused.

The response of some Workers World people to my criticisms has been to suggest I'm a red-baiter and a racist. I love reds, but bonkerism is bonkerism and should be so described. So the W.W.P. should stop wailing from the catacombs about red-baiting and instead have a proper discussion of the issues at stake. Race-baiting seems to be a W.W.P. specialty. A multicultural letterhead is still as culpable as a monochromatic one if the program the letterhead has been recruited for is hogwash.

On the matter of red-baiting, here's a description of the real thing, sent me in the mail:

> As an Iraqi expatriate who had experienced Saddam's brutality firsthand, I am appalled by the pro-dictator position some in the American left have taken. Do these people know what their fate would be if they lived in Iraq? No better than my friend's. Bahram's only crime was that he had Arabic translations of Lenin's *What Is to Be Done?* and Marx and Engels's *The Communist Manifesto.* Someone had passed the information to the secret police, who, having searched his house and found no more "subversive literature," took Bahram away while he was teaching English at a high school. Weeks and months passed and his family was still not informed about his whereabouts. His mother petitioned Saddam and was told he wouldn't interfere in matters of "national security"! Like other parents who had lost their sons in similar fashion, by now Bahram's parents' only wish was to get back their son's body. And what a body they got back! One summer night it was left in a sack on their door-step: eyes were gouged out; genitals, fingers and tongue cut; chest splattered with blood. The mother died in horror. A. Miran (A Kurd)

Alexander Cockburn

IT AIN'T ME, BABE

Washington

As co-author of *Dorothy Healey Remembers* and the person whose life is under examination in the book, I appreciated Vivian Gornick's enthusiastic review in your pages ["Liv-

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EDITORIALS.

Wider War

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

new aggressions, costly overreaction and spurious global-police missions. Indeed, the "success" of the first days' air war coupled with the famous victories over Grenada and Panama make tempting precedents for any President faced with domestic problems to foray into the Third World in search of pride and booty.

But from top to bottom, from the board rooms and war rooms to the coffee shop on Main Street, the compact that allowed Presidents to invade at will and get rubber-stamp approval is no longer routinely in force. The division in the country that developed before one bomb was dropped on Iraq was deep and wide and real, and it presages a shift in the way future policy will be decided and how opposition can be built.

The first evidence of the change was the deep split between the national security crisis managers and the foreign policy elite strategists over the advisability of war. The crisis managers—President Bush's small coterie of military and political fixers who are paid to respond to world events—instantaneously assumed a warmaking posture for all the old reasons: to grab an important resource, to establish long-sought bases, to police a regional conflict in a strategically sensitive area and to project power and credibility as the world's number-

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one military state. But for the first time since the consensus was formed after World War II, the foreign policy "wise men," those out-of-office strategists in the top corporate and academic echelons, did not agree.

Both liberal and conservative members of that elite refused to join the consensus. Former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who fought each other over cold war issues in the Carter Administration, both opposed Bush's war in the gulf, as did James Schlesinger and Paul Nitze, longtime advisers and missionaries for Presidents of all political persuasions. In fact the "old right," the paleolithic pre-Reagan Republicans who had staked their lives on unremitting anticommunism, were the first to revive the Sam Goldwyn imperative: "Include me out."

None of them cared a whit for Saddam Hussein or treasured Arab nationalism, none opposed the prudent extension of American imperial sway, and they all had backed the use of American soldiers as cannon fodder against communism in earlier conflicts, so their change of mind had nothing to do with moral or political ideology. Rather, they understood that the gulf war—and probably every major U.S. military undertaking in the foreseeable future—would be a prescription for economic disaster and imperial decline. They don't fear defeat; they believe that America cannot win such a war and still compete in the worldwide intracapitalist sweepstakes. Business people and Republican boosters may support war for patriotic or party reasons, but the grand strategists are dead sure, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that war—even the "quick, decisive, overwhelming victory" that Bush promises—will be hell on the empire.

On the other side of the social structure, ordinary Americans also refused to join the usual consensus formed to wage wars of glory. For many, the memory of Vietnam persisted despite Bush's repeated attempts to declare this war "different" from the other. (Was all the firepower, the killing and the devastation of Indochina evidence only of Americans fighting "with one hand tied behind their back"? Will anyone challenge Bush's absurd revisionism?) Many more Americans simply couldn't see the point of a potentially deadly conflict undertaken for no good reason. Families of reservists who had joined up for the educational or career breaks were especially traumatized and moved to action. After all Bush's rationalizations, oil still seemed to drive war policy, and "No blood for oil" was a perfectly sincere slogan.

The leftists and liberals who created and crafted antiwar movements all during the cold war period were put off by the changes taking place in this instance. Like Bush's advisers, they were planning for old battles, when a small group of idealists and ideologues slowly and painfully built an opposition based on the horrors of war (the "body bag syndrome") and targeted at everyone else in the country—from right-wing Republicans to liberal Democrats, from labor hard hats to returning vets.

Suddenly, many of the peace organizers' traditional enemies emerged among the first to oppose a war, without having been "organized" by the activists. Sectors, classes and constituencies shifted crazily, without regard to the old rules of political behavior. From autumn to early winter, Congress, and particularly the Democrats therein, became the antiwar movement's favorite villains. It seemed like the mid-sixties all over again. The Congressional leadership was cowardly and deceitful. The war should have been debated months before January, and if it had, the Administration might have been more constrained. The message Congress sent was not to Saddam Hussein but to George Bush: Do what you like, we're behind you.

But then, in one weekend, it seemed to change. As the clock ran out on Bush's January 15 deadline, the antiwar movement moved, for a few heady hours, from the campuses and streets into the Capitol. Sam Nunn, George Mitchell and Tom Foley—all architects of militarism throughout the 1980s—were working into the night to keep America out of the war, weeks before the first major grass-roots demonstrations were to be held.

As for those rallies, still scheduled for successive January Saturdays in Washington, they illustrated the weakness and disunity of progressives and the left as much as they showed resolve. In the early days of the Vietnam War, Students for a Democratic Society gained legitimacy as an umbrella organization that could authoritatively call rallies and antiwar actions because of its clear analysis of the politics of the conflict and its inclusiveness and tolerance for allies of all ideological stripes. The major conflict within the movement in those days was the old red versus red-baiter dispute; nowadays, the fights within coalitions are about race, multiculturalism, gender, sexual orientation, class, Marxist revisionism and everything else in the book of sectarian autodestruction. Later, when S.D.S.'s analysis became murky and its various factions became exclusive, a grand coalition of antiwar forces took over as the recognized authority for the movement. This time, no group or coalition has instant legitimacy. Most of the hundreds or thousands of rallies and protests that proliferated in the weeks before January 15 and after the war had begun were locally inspired and organized.

The antiwar movement faces new realities, just as the "war movement" of Bush & Co. does. The remarkable outpouring of opposition before the war started indicates that a cortege of body bags is not necessary to induce significant protest. Neither is a draft required to concentrate the consciousness of the country against war; an all-volunteer Army provokes its own political openings. Because so much sentiment for peace already exists, the movement can be much bolder in building coalitions without regard to ideological tests. At the same time, it should be clear that antiwar feelings are not evenly distributed throughout the country. A late CBS/*New York Times* poll on January 11-13 showed that most women, African-Americans, poor and working people opposed war. Increasingly, as the possibility of a draft looms, young people are moved to protest. Only among white males—especially in the South and the Sunbelt—is war clearly popular. Leadership of the movement must reflect such soundings.

The antiwar movement has persisted in many forms since the end of the Vietnam era, from antinuclear campaigns to Central America solidarity work. But in many ways the various forces taken as a whole were unprepared for the gulf crisis. There is no widely recognized analysis of the American

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political economy today to supplant the outdated model of thirty years ago. The divisions among the nation's managers, strategists and rulers are similarly under-appreciated and thus cannot be exploited in time of crisis. The emergence of a small but energetic group of progressive politicians, organizers and activists, both outside and on the inner margin of the Democratic Party, is a development that must change old ideas of action. And for too long the movement (again, like the Administration) has been wholly reactive. A really effective peace movement has to address the bases of conflicts before they erupt—in this case energy policy and relations between developed and developing nations—and work for the creation of authentic international organizations with peacekeeping powers and permanent political presence, perhaps in the form of a party or independent caucus.

Many of the demands and the slogans of the first act of this conflict are utterly outdated. The focus on Congress is over. The Capitol has folded into the war ethic, with the notable exception of Representative Henry Gonzalez of Texas, who offered five searing articles of impeachment, charging Bush with criminal and immoral conduct. Obsolete too is the either/or formulation of war and sanctions. On the street, as the Middle East reporters like to say, the cry will still be "No blood for oil," no matter what the various antiwar sects and coalitions come up with. Within the organized movement, if there is to be a semblance of unity, the overriding demand must be for peace and pullout.

If Bush does get his quick victory, the wider war will still be far from finished. The costs of victory are staggering, not only economically but in domestic and international political and moral costs. The restoration of a despised and degenerate emirate in Kuwait will not produce the stability the generals predict. The further militarization of America will not construct a stable society. Standards of living have been declining for twenty years; the structural flaws in the system have nothing to do with Saddam Hussein.

Part of the purpose of Bush's action was to destroy the "post-Vietnam syndrome," to show Americans that war need not be costly, either in lives or treasure. The job of the peace movement now is to expose all the expenses of the military/imperial project: not only for ourselves but for billions of people struggling and suffering, in confused and imperfect ways, to get some control over their lives and destiny. What we can call for now is talking, not bombing, disengagement, not confrontation, peacemaking rather than warmaking, and above all, respect for those who would be truly independent of the great power with the most hardware.

ANDREW KOPKIND

WHAT TO DO

We've received many calls and requests from readers asking how they can stop the war and the trend toward militarization. As a service we publish the following list—by no means comprehensive—of organizations that in various ways are working for those ends. We need their help; they need yours.

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215) 241-7165
Mobilizes chapters nationwide; advocates reclaiming "peace dividend" through Gulf Alternative Campaign.

Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee
4201 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Suite 500, Washington, DC 20008
(202) 244-2990
Works to oppose anti-Arab violence and F.B.I. harassment of Arabs.

Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors
2208 South St., Philadelphia, PA 19146 (215) 545-4626
Publishes handbooks, counsels registrants, reservists, enlisted people.

Clergy and Laity Concerned
17 North State St., Room 1530, Chicago, IL 60602 (312) 899-1800
Provides military counseling and public education on peace issues.

Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention in the Middle East
36 East 12th St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 777-1246
National network sponsoring rallies, teach-ins, petition drive, January 19 demonstration in Washington.

Dallas Coalition for Middle East Peace
c/o The Peace Center, 3100 Martin Luther King Blvd., Dallas, TX 75215
(214) 421-4082
Holds daily peace rallies.

Fellowship of Reconciliation
Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960 (914) 358-4601
Organizes people-to-people delegations to Iraq; appeals to Congress, the White House, through its No Blood for Oil Campaign.

Gulf Peace Action Team
Box 598, Putney, VT 05346 (802) 387-2600
Operates peace camp between hostile forces in the Iraqi desert.

Hands Off!
111 East 14th St., Room 132, New York, NY 10003 (212) 353-2445
Advocates politically on behalf of military resisters.

Los Angeles Coalition Against U.S. Intervention in the Middle East
8124 West 3rd St., Los Angeles, CA 90048 (213) 655-3728
Provides educational materials, counseling referrals; organizes protests.

Middle East Peace Action
2140 Shattuck Ave. #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (415) 548-0542
Holds candlelight vigils every Monday at 5:30 P.M.

Military Families Support Network
Box 11098, Milwaukee, WI 53211 (414) 964-5794
Organizes protests, resister counseling, community support.

Mobilization to Bring the Troops Home Now
c/o ILGWU, 255 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 626-8053
Offers speakers, educational material; organizing local demo with labor, others for January 26.

National Association of Black Veterans
Box 432, Milwaukee, WI 53211 (800) 842-4597
Combines support for veterans rights with antiwar action.

National Campaign for Peace in the Middle East
104 Fulton St., Room 303, New York, NY 10038 (212) 227-0221
Network sponsoring rallies, teach-ins, mailgram campaign, January 26 march on Washington.

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ON THE RETURN OF THE FULLER FIGURE

A woman's shape again is cause for joy:
She's not a boy!
The hourglass is back, and fashion groans
At skin and bones.
So if your wife has grown a little plumper,
You shouldn't dump her.
And if your gut rests softly on your desk,
You're Rubenesque.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Truth and Casualties: Today Iraq

At 5 P.M. E.S.T. on January 16 someone in the Israeli Embassy in Washington called ABC News to say that Operation Desert Storm would begin two hours later, which it duly did, just in time for the 7 P.M. news. The same thing happened with the bombing of Tripoli in 1986. You'd think that the Iraqi high command would have figured this out. These 7 o'clock offensives could end up as a popular program listed in *TV Guide*: *Takeout Hour.*

Bush's address that same evening was, his publicist emphasized, composed by the President himself over two weeks. He could have done with more time. It was, by the standard of such warlaunch orations, a poor thing delivered in a manner intended to convey quiet determination but actually comic in a mad sort of way. Bush said that this time U.S. forces would not, as in Vietnam, fight with "one hand tied behind their back." What can he mean? Four million Iraqi casualties instead of the stinted slaughter in Indochina?

In peacetime government lies to protect itself, to conceal its follies and its crimes. War merely amplifies such stratagems. Journalists proclaim their fears of censorship but, as the past months have made clear, the central problem is self-censorship. There was no government edict impeding the press from publicizing peace overtures and opportunities across the months, or the background to the U.S. resolve to refuse Iraq's conditions for withdrawal—a Mideast ban on weapons of mass destruction and a conference that would have meant talking about Palestinians.

Massacre of the Innocents?

No war or run-up to war is complete without its tales of atrocity, designed to dehumanize the foe and arouse public sentiment for mass slaughter in revenge. In the case of Iraq no particularly inventive mind was required to demonstrate the brutalities of its occupation. Still, the single most publicized atrocity was untrue, even as the Kuwaiti government in exile, its publicists and President Bush all seized on it as the most vivid evocation of Iraqi vileness. Indeed, in his speech at the onset of war, Bush alluded to it again with his reference to "innocent children."

The charge that premature Kuwaiti babies were torn from incubators which were then shipped to Baghdad received the imprimatur of an Amnesty International report issued on December 19. Reviewing what it termed "extra-judicial executions," Amnesty said, "In addition, over 300 premature babies were reported to have died after Iraqi soldiers removed them from incubators, which were then looted." It quoted an unnamed Red Crescent doctor as saying that 312 premature babies died at Maternity Hospital in the al-Sabah Medical Complex after being taken from incubators and that he personally had buried seventy-two in al-Rigga cemetery.

The Amnesty report also quoted October testimony to the U.S. Congressional Human Rights Caucus by a 15-year-old Kuwaiti girl who had been a volunteer in the al-'Addan Hospital in the second week of August. She said she'd seen armed Iraqi soldiers go into a room where there were fifteen babies in incubators: "They took the babies out of the incubators and left the babies on the cold floor to die. It was horrifying."

Amnesty International was remarkably offhand in offering news of what would be one of the most gruesome crimes of the age. More than 300 murdered babies, and just forty-six laconic lines buried deep in its report! Is it likely that any hospital in Kuwait would have so many incubators? Columbia Presbyterian in New York, for example, has thirty-six. Is it plausible that doctors and nurses at al-'Addan Hospital would have stood by as those babies lay on the cold floor, their deaths possibly protracted over several hours?

Other human rights organizations have been cautious about these allegations. In testimony on Iraqi abuses in Kuwait offered to the House Foreign Affairs Committee on January 8, Andrew Whitley, director of the New York–based Middle East Watch, made no mention of the babies.

Aziz Abu-Hamad, a Saudi consultant researching Iraqi abuses for Middle East Watch, interviewed the Red Crescent doctor, who by then was denying that he had used the 312 figure and spoke only of burying seventy-two babies. This doctor had no way of knowing whether they had been in incubators or what were the causes of their death. When interviewed, he was living in the Sheraton Hotel in Taif, H.Q. of the Kuwaiti government in exile, and was an employee of that government, as are all Kuwaiti Red Crescent personnel.

Kuwaiti doctors and nurses now in exile, some of them formerly in senior positions, also dispute the story. One says that in September about twenty babies at Maternity Hospital were in incubators, and that there were other, empty incubators that had not been taken away. (The highest available estimate of incubators at Maternity Hospital is eighty.) A senior staff member who left al-'Addan Hospital at the start of October discounted the story of the Kuwaiti girl, saying no incubators had been reported stolen.

A few other testimonies of this nature have surfaced in press reports, but they are either secondhand or self-interested. Aziz says that as yet there is no credible eyewitness or testimony to sustain the charges of baby mass murder, though some newborns did die in hospitals because of shortages in medical supplies and, in one or two cases, of respirators.

Does it matter that the Iraqis, amid their looting and their murders, did not kill scores, if not hundreds, of babies by stealing their incubators? Does it matter that according to Middle East Watch they probably killed some 500 to 700 in Kuwait during and after the invasion and not the 2,000 the Kuwaiti government in exile publicly claims? Of course it matters. Human rights organizations should have higher standards than the yellow press. This is not the first time Amnesty International has produced sloppy though politically convenient work, as readers of the organization's 1986 report on Nicaragua will recall.

The incubator myth—child abuse raised to the nth power—shows the effectiveness of rumor-propaganda grabbing savagely at the instincts. Will there be equivalent eagerness for stories and testimony in the West about baby victims of saturation bombing of "strategic targets" in Iraq?

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Truth and Casualties: Yesterday Panama

They keep telling us that in war truth is the first casualty, which is nonsense since it implies that in times of peace truth stays out of the sick bay or the graveyard. If there were maybe 700 deaths in the Iraqi invasion and subsequent occupation of Kuwait, how many were there in Panama, during and after the invasion of December 21, 1989? Some 20,000 people were rendered homeless; more than 10,000 in El Chorrillo, where Noriega had his headquarters. Such bombardment and dislocation make it likely that the precise number of dead will never be known, though estimates of more than 1,000 and possibly as many as 2,500 seem plausible.

Within days of the invasion U.S. officials ceased keeping a tally of the dead. Their assessment of January 11, 1990, offered the figures of 314 Panamanian soldiers and 202 civilians dead. Eleven months later U.S. Southern Command revised this figure downward, citing the Panamanian Institute of Legal Medicine's calculation that a maximum of 345 soldiers and civilians died. The Panamanian government has never conducted an official investigation; instead, it has placed broadcast and newspaper advertisements asking people to come forward. Fear has deterred many potential informants.

Newsday's Latin America correspondent, Peter Eisner, had two excellent articles on December 20 and 21 to mark the anniversary, and he told my colleague Rich McKerrow about a list, compiled by the Panamanian Public Force, of 300 to 500 missing persons, these in addition to those acknowledged dead. Eisner saw the list in March at a special office run by Lieut. Ida Aguilera de Garcia, where families could report missing relatives. The office, which Eisner described as the most disorganized operation he'd ever seen, was located at the edge of the Canal Zone, near U.S. Southern Command Headquarters. Garcia's contact at Southern Command was an American psychological operations officer.

Eisner revisited Garcia in November to inquire after the list, but it had vanished. She referred him to her superiors in the directorate of the Public Force, who denied knowledge of the list and said it had been Garcia's private project.

There is also the question of how evidence has been either disposed of or concealed. For the first seventy-two hours of the invasion, the U.S. military closed off El Chorrillo. Even Red Cross workers were barred entry. Isabel Corro, a Panamanian activist whom I mentioned here on December 17, told the Central American Human Rights Commission in Costa Rica that her Committee of the Family Members of the Disappeared had received a report that the U.S. military piled up thirty bodies, soaked them in liquid and applied a flamethrower. A Spanish priest has admitted to burning six bodies so they would not be eaten by dogs. Corro says that soldiers were seen placing bodies and explosives in plastic bags and carrying them out to sea in small boats. Godfrey Harris, principal author of the book *Invasion: The American Destruction of the Noriega Regime in Panama*, wrote in a letter to the *Los Angeles Times* that while in Panama last summer he was told by members of the 193rd Infantry Brigade that "hundreds and hundreds" of body bags were loaded on cargo planes and transported for clandestine burial at an American air base in Honduras. While producing his September 30 *60 Minutes* segment, Charles Thompson viewed photographs of charred bodies taken by morticians working in St. Thomas hospital, but those corpses failed to turn up in the exhumations of mass graves that have occurred since the invasion.

Initially, U.S. and Panamanian officials denied the existence of mass graves. At the time of the invasion Father Jim Claffey, a priest who spent seventeen and a half years in Panama, lived not half a block from Jardín de Paz, site of one mass grave. He says that when he tried to get information from the cemetery administrator, he was "lied to systematically." Now the grave at Jardín de Paz has been exhumed, along with one at Mount Hope, and as revealed in an excellent white paper put together by Thompson's *60 Minutes* team after their investigation, these exhumations were supervised by U.S. military personnel, who actively discouraged journalists from taking photographs.

Corro claims the existence of at least a dozen other mass graves but does not have the funds to carry out exhumations. *60 Minutes*, suggests one reader to me in a letter, should put up the money. Because many of the precise locations are unknown, people have been skeptical about their existence, but even the official Panamanian medical examiner, Dr. Umberto Mas, told *60 Minutes* he knows of "six or seven more mass grave sites that could be exhumed."

What of Panama today? To be freed is to be forgotten. According to the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, the number of Panamanian poor rose from 33 percent of the population before the U.S. embargo and invasion to 50 percent today. In a recent seminar Panamanian economists with the Isthmian Foundation for Social and Economic Studies reported that more than 546,200 people were living in extreme poverty and another 461,100 in poverty. Unemployment was estimated at more than 310,000 for a population of 2.4 million. Even official figures acknowledge that unemployment exceeds 20 percent and when combined with underemployment reaches 50 percent. Gross domestic product has dropped by 20 to 25 percent. Meanwhile, according to the Panamanian press, the government has approved a $2 million appropriation for arms and further military training.

Miguel Bernal, a Panamanian professor of international law, reports that the so-called Public Force created by the U.S. continues to be filled with Noriega's old thugs. "All the colonels, lieutenant colonels and majors come from the Noriega years," he told us. The present chief of the bodyguards to Ricardo Arias Calderón (the Minister of Government Justice and a Vice President) is a Maj. Clarence Green, one of Noriega's notorious "dobermans." Bernal says that the Persian Gulf crisis has been used as an excuse to raise prices for food and other necessities. While the privileged people are doing well, life for ordinary Panamanians is extremely difficult. "If U.S. citizens knew what's going on in Panama today, they would understand the terribleness of the invasion and the continuing situation." There are never first casualties, just ongoing ones; normalcy, never an inaugural.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Tinker, Tailor, Banker, Spy

The case of banker Robert Maxwell is a sad one. His career in international finance was proceeding well until he signed on with the First National Bank of Maryland in 1983. One night after regular working hours, Maxwell's boss asked him to handle a special client, Associated Traders Corporation. The boss, Maxwell says, noted offhandedly that A.T.C. was actually a Central Intelligence Agency front company. (That bank official now claims he cannot recall the conversation.) Maxwell gladly took on the A.T.C. account and soon found it a bit unconventional. He was asked by A.T.C. to transfer millions of dollars through the Cayman Islands and Panama, and sometimes he was instructed to remove A.T.C.'s name from the transactions. That seemed strange to Maxwell, but it wasn't, considering the goods A.T.C. was purchasing: weapons. Between 1981 and 1985 the firm bought almost $20 million in arms and equipment overseas, according to documents Maxwell copied. In one deal, A.T.C purchased from the Indian government 60,000 rifles, which probably ended up with the rebels in Afghanistan.

The secrecy and pressure got to Maxwell. He was especially disturbed when he discovered an A.T.C. account had been put under his name. He worried he might be engaged in skulduggery, and in 1985 asked his superiors for a memo authorizing the unusual transactions. Maxwell claims they resisted, took him off the A.T.C. account, issued veiled threats and harmed his career. Although he resigned and got another banking job, Maxwell was so shaken by the experience that he suffered a nervous breakdown. He later sued the bank, A.T.C. (which closed shop shortly after the Iran/*contra* scandal began to unravel) and unnamed C.I.A. officials, claiming they had wrongly used his name and inflicted emotional distress upon him.

The bank denies any wrongdoing, and the C.I.A. won't comment. Last year, when bank officials were questioned by Maxwell's lawyers, they refused to answer queries about their link with the agency, claiming such information could be a privileged state secret. A federal judge found it laughable that a private bank would try to assert a privilege reserved for government and ordered the questions answered. Enter the C.I.A. In December the agency asked the judge to prevent any discovery related to the alleged connection between the C.I.A. and First National or A.T.C., and it filed two statements made by C.I.A. chief William Webster, one of which is classified and unavailable to Maxwell and his attorneys.

In the nonclassified declaration, Webster argues that it is vital to national security to insure that the C.I.A.'s covert contacts with individuals and companies are never confirmed or denied. The C.I.A. even went so far as to ask the judge to prevent Maxwell from presenting at the trial any evidence related to the alleged ties between the agency and the bank and the arms traders—that is, to issue a gag order. Webster essentially is requesting blanket immunity, under which the C.I.A. could not be held liable for any misdeeds committed by a front. It's an old story: national security coming before law and order. The court has yet to decide how to respond to Webster's plea.

■ A Spook in the Machine

"Before I went to work for the C.I.A. I believe I was a typical American," Ralph McGehee wrote in *Deadly Deceit*, his memoir of twenty-five years in the agency. These days McGehee spends much of his time engaged in untypical activity: compiling a huge database on his former employer. McGehee has gleaned material from more than 200 public sources, including Congressional reports, periodicals and books. It's a tremendously useful tool for any reporter or researcher probing the C.I.A.

The agency at first insisted that McGehee submit a printout copy of the database and all updates to its Publications Review Board. Even though the hard copy would run between 1,500 and 2,000 pages, the C.I.A. would not accept computer disks from McGehee, apparently fearing that "foreign" disks might unleash a computer virus within the agency's computer system. McGehee, noting that the database contains only information from open sources, saw no reason for the C.I.A. to vet it and threatened to sue. The agency yielded. Copies of the database are for sale, available only on disks. (For information, write CIABASE, P.O. Box 5022, Herndon, VA 22070.)

■ Moral Decay Where?

Should taxpayer dollars flow to someone who lauds mass murderers? When Argentine President Carlos Saúl Menem announced last month that he would pardon former senior military officers and junta leaders jailed for ordering the murder of at least 9,000 Argentine civilians from 1976 to 1983, Alvaro Alsogaray, a prominent Argentine politician who heads the far-right Union of the Democratic Center (U.D.C.), was upset. He feared that since the military men were freed along with a former leftist guerrilla leader, the "pardon puts all of them in the same bag." His remedy is a parliamentary resolution to commend the officers. "We must give General [Jorge] Videla and the commanders their due as winners of a war," Alsogaray declared. Videla, who served as President in the first of three military juntas, was sentenced to life imprisonment for kidnapping, murder and torture. Alsogaray has been pitching the let's-praise-muderous-men line for years, most prominently during a 1987 debate on granting amnesty to some military officials.

Now here's your connection to Alsogaray: The National Endowment for Democracy, a private organization funded by Congress, has supported the Instituto de la Economica Social de Mercado, which is associated with the U.D.C. and of which Alsogaray is the guiding force. The N.E.D. passed $120,000 to Alsogaray's institute in 1989, using the National Republican Institute for International Affairs, an affiliate of the G.O.P., as a conduit. Alsogaray's think tank, which promotes his extreme free-market views, publishes reports, holds seminars and runs an essay contest for youth. A recent winning essay was titled "The Moral Decay of Argentina's Society."

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ARTICLES.

REMEMBER *KOREMATSU*

A Precedent for Arab-Americans?

JAMIN B. RASKIN

I wish the F.B.I. agents placing phone calls to Arab-Americans would stroll over to the National Museum of American History in Washington and visit the exhibit on the Japanese internment. The fading documents and sad black-and-white photographs show what happens when an entire minority group is suspected of criminal activity. The incarceration in camps of 112,000 persons of Japanese descent, 70,000 of them American citizens, was a nightmare for the human beings involved and a dark chapter in American history.

As fear of terrorism grows, and ugly stereotypes of Arabs come out of the closet (not least on *Saturday Night Live*), the country should pause to recollect this history, which took place not fifty years ago. Driven by war hysteria (and the sainted Walter Lippmann), the government cast suspicion and imposed punishment on an entire racial group. Moreover, in 1944 the Supreme Court upheld the action as a reasonable exercise of war powers in *Korematsu v. United States* and, although Congress recently mailed reparations checks to survivors of the detention camps, the Supreme Court has never had occasion to overrule its decision.

The bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, unleashed a sequence of events that culminated in the mass round-up. On February 19, 1942, President Roosevelt issued an Executive Order giving military commanders power over certain parts of the country, and the next day he designated Lieut. Gen. John DeWitt as Military Commander of the Western Defense Command, which took in all of the Western states. Within three months, General DeWitt had issued a series of military proclamations that accomplished the relocation and incarceration of the Japanese-American population along the Pacific Coast. Tens of thousands of innocent Americans found themselves living in barracks behind barbed wire fences.

It is clear that General DeWitt's actions were based on race, rather than military necessity, as he claimed. "A Jap's a Jap," he said. "It makes no difference whether he's an American or not." It also made no difference to DeWitt that not a single person of Japanese descent was accused, much less convicted, of espionage or sabotage after the attack on Pearl Harbor. As he stated in his final report, "The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken." The general harbored a visceral contempt for people of Japanese extraction, whom he described in his final report as "subversive" members of "an enemy race" whose "racial strains are undiluted . . . [a] large, unassimilated, tightly knit racial group, bound to an enemy nation by strong ties of race, culture, custom and religion." The equally strong ties of Italian-Americans and German-Americans to their mother countries for some reason did not warrant the internment of those groups, making the general's actions, at the very least, "under-inclusive," in modern constitutional parlance.

In elevating race over citizenship and maligning an entire people as treasonous by nature, General DeWitt was expressing sentiments held by many citizens. Justice Frank Murphy noted in his dissent in the *Korematsu* case that "special interest groups were extremely active in applying pressure for mass evacuation." For example, Austin Anson, the managing secretary of the Salinas Vegetable Grower-Shipper Association, said, "We're charged with wanting to get rid of the Japs for selfish reasons. . . . We do. It's a question of whether the white man lives on the Pacific Coast or the brown men. They came into this valley to work, and stayed to take over. . . . If all the Japs were removed tomorrow, we'd never miss them in two weeks, because the white farmers can take over and produce everything the Jap grows. And we don't want them back when the war ends, either."

Despite the racist motives behind the Japanese internment, the Supreme Court sustained the criminal conviction of Toyosaburo Korematsu, who violated General DeWitt's detention and resettlement orders. The Court held that the internment was within the government's war powers and not in violation of Korematsu's constitutional rights.

The Arabs are the Japanese of 1991. Never mind that Arab-Americans are American citizens and that they are more likely to be the victims than the perpetrators of racial violence. Never mind that most of their leaders have denounced Saddam Hussein and support the demand that Iraqi forces withdraw from Kuwait. There is great uneasiness in the Arab-American community and the whiff of a witch hunt in the F.B.I.'s curious "interviews" with Arab-Americans.

Would the Supreme Court today find a violation of the equal protection clause if the government rounded up Arab-Americans or Palestinian-Americans or Iraqi-Americans as potential traitors and saboteurs? It is hard to know. Surely the Court should recognize such policy as impermissible racial discrimination and a violation of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments. Surely the Court should resist the primitive doctrines of guilt by association, group culpability, inherent racial conspiracy and presumed guilt that would infuse such an action. But wartime is wartime, and the Rehnquist Court accords much deference to the military's power.

And then there is the strange fact that *Korematsu* is no dead letter. The decision is generally condemned, but it has not been overruled. It is a dismal precedent. As Justice Robert Jackson warned in his powerful dissent from the majority's opinion in that case, "Once a judicial opinion rationalizes such an order to show that it conforms to the Constitution, or rather rationalizes the Constitution to show that the Constitution sanctions such an order, the Court for all time has validated the principle of racial discrimination in criminal procedure and of

Jamin B. Raskin is an assistant professor of law at American University.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL NATION MAGAZINE/I.F. STONE AWARD FOR STUDENT JOURNALISM

ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1991

PURPOSE: *The Nation* magazine/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly,* he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1991.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1991.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1990, and June 29, 1991. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

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transplanting American citizens. The principle then lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need." □

NURSERY GEOPOLITICS

Nations Are Like Children

ANN CRITTENDEN

Watching my 8-year-old son practicing his karate kicks, twirling his Ninja nunchuks and smashing his way through the latest violent Nintendo games, I am tempted to conclude that boys are more violent than girls; that a chromosomal curse explains the whole sorry story, from Adam to the Persian Gulf. Seventy-five years ago the suffragette Alice Duer Miller said it all when she suggested that men's raging hormones should disqualify them from voting. Men's "innate tendency to force renders them unfit for government."

How seductive to apply the "boys will be boys" reasoning to the current crisis in the gulf! It wasn't Iraqi women who ordered an invasion to grab the toys the selfish Kuwaitis wouldn't share. And it wasn't Barbara Bush who turned a laudable resistance to aggression into a deadly game of chicken, played with the lives of more than 400,000 young Americans.

We don't know what Iraqi women think about our own seemingly inexorable slide toward war because they aren't free to say what they think, but American women have made their views perfectly clear. Polls by Louis Harris and others have revealed an unprecedented gender gap on the issue of military action in the gulf. While men have been roughly divided in support of an attack on Iraqi forces in Kuwait, women oppose an attack by 73 percent to 22 percent. Similarly, American women are against bombing by 63 percent to 29 percent, while men favor airstrikes against Iraq by 57 percent to 40 percent.

These differences are all the more striking in view of the fact that concerning resistance strategies that do not involve loss of human life, women are just as firm as men. Women support sanctions as strongly as men and oppose giving up some Kuwaiti territory in return for an Iraqi withdrawal.

There have been various attempts to explain this aversion on the part of women to war in the Middle East. Molly Yard, president of the National Organization for Women, said that it is because women are aware that "Saudi Arabia and Kuwait are despotic, clan-run monarchies," utterly repressive of women. That is certainly true, and possibly a factor, although women were also more opposed, if less dramatically so, to the use of force in Panama and Grenada and, years ago, in Vietnam. Something more than disgust with Arab chauvinism is at work here.

It is not that women are afraid of war or are morally superior because they are women. Women can be fierce fighters, child abusers and great ralliers around the flag. During World War I the American social critic Jane Addams noted that "in every country there are many, many women who believe that war is inevitable and righteous, and that the highest possible service is being performed by their sons who go into the Army."

One need look no further than the current crisis to see the Boadicea principle in action. Consider the tantalizing fact that George Bush's initial reaction to Saddam Hussein's land grab was restrained until he spent a couple of days in Aspen, Colorado, in the company of Margaret Thatcher. Many believe that it was the Iron Lady herself who put the steel in George's spine. Be that as it may, Thatcher's very being puts the lie to those who would argue that, biologically, women are not as aggressive as men (an argument, by the way, that has been used since time immemorial to keep women out of positions of authority). By the same token, history has been written by men who opposed violence as a means of resolving disputes; in the twentieth century alone, Gandhi, King and Muste stand as exemplars of male pacifism.

So if sexual stereotypes are not valid, what then does explain the very real differences between the sexes on the use of military force to solve disputes?

I believe part of the answer lies in the lessons women learn by raising children. I am convinced that the direct, practical experience of being a parent, and the accepted wisdom that goes with the job today, as dispensed by books and experts, predispose one to think in a certain way. More specifically, one learns, in theory and in practice, to try to resolve conflict

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDALL ENOS

Ann Crittenden, a Washington, D.C.–based writer, is working on a book about the political lessons of child rearing.

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in ways that do not involve the sheer imposition of will or brute force. One learns that violence just doesn't work.

Actually, I'm prepared to go further and argue that men or women who have been successful, active parents may be better equipped for dealing with the great affairs of state than people lacking that human experience. I believe that they are simply more qualified to handle the complexities, the irrationalities, the sheer maddening messiness of human affairs, particularly in moments of crisis. Contrary to myth, the hand that rocks the cradle has never ruled the world, but maybe it should. It is probably steadier.

I've observed that this argument is perfectly clear to anyone, male or female, with experience in raising children, and is perfectly incomprehensible or ridiculous to most others. A high-level official in the Defense Department under Ronald Reagan, no softy, told me a couple of years ago that negotiating with his teenage daughter taught him more than anything else how to negotiate with the Russians. Arnold Schwarzenegger, no dummy, has struck gold with his latest movie, *Kindergarten Cop*, in which a group of 5-year-olds reduces the toughest gun on the streets to Jell-O. Schwarzenegger gets it.

One who didn't get it was the female *Washington Post* reporter who interviewed Sally Novetzke, the American Ambassador to Malta, during the hectic summit meeting between Bush and Gorbachev in December 1989. How can you handle all this, the journalist marveled condescendingly; after all, isn't it true that this is your first real job?

The Ambassador, a mature woman who had earned her post through years of unpaid labor for the Republican Party, but whose real qualifications were that she had raised children, replied, "You obviously haven't raised four children."

Interestingly, while the world has yet to acknowledge the value of practical experience in child rearing, there has been some recognition that "experts" in fields related to it have something to contribute to foreign policy. Successful mothers and fathers are never asked for their advice in international crises, but authorities in developmental psychology, communications theory and conflict resolution, whose findings permeate the how-to literature of child rearing, are occasionally sought out for their insights.

Almost twenty-five years ago, as the United States was slowly sinking into the quagmire of Vietnam, William Fulbright, chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, held hearings on the "Psychological Aspects of International Relations." One of those called to testify was Dr. Jerome Frank of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. Frank noted that children who have been harshly punished are more prone to delinquency than those who have been disciplined in firm but gentler ways.

It is the same with nations, he argued. Total defeats lead to revenge and more war, as witness the history of France and Germany between 1870 and 1940. The moral obviously applies just as well to the Middle East. A total defeat of Saddam would be disastrous, not only because it would leave the stage to other bad actors from Iran to Syria but because every bomb dropped would be a seed of bitterness and hatred planted firmly in the Arab psyche.

In the recent hearings on the Persian Gulf crisis, held after

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President Bush upped the ante from 240,000 to 440,000 American ground troops, the senators called in Roger Fisher, director of the Harvard Negotiation Project, an the author, with William Ury, of *Getting to Yes: Negotiating Agreement Without Giving In*, reflects some of the findings of game theory and communications ... a number of popular theories of parent effectiveness training. Thus his ... to anyone who has picked up a few good ... with kids and family conflict.

...er one made by Fisher is that one *can* extrapo... children and families to nations. He points out that ... influence someone to do what you want only if that ...on can be convinced that the consequences will be worse ... he or she doesn't comply. Translated, this means that you can't "just say no." To be effective in changing the undesirable behavior of your own child, a drug-tempted street kid or a ruthless dictator, you can't just threaten punishment. You also have to show what the other party can say yes to, what advantages he or she can gain by doing what you want.

As Fisher put it, "Our ability to influence Saddam will depend upon what is going on in his head. . . . We can influence him to withdraw from Kuwait by convincing him that the consequences, should Iraqi forces stay in Kuwait, are far worse than the consequences he faces if they withdraw. Until now, we have been focusing on only one side of this influence equation: what happens to Iraq if it stays in Kuwait. But almost no attention has been devoted to the other half of the influence equation: making withdrawal more attractive for Iraq." Along these lines, Fisher recommended making it clear that sanctions and the risk of war will end if Saddam withdraws from Kuwait. Beyond that, Fisher suggested that following withdrawal from Kuwait, Iraq's legitimate grievances should be dealt with on their respective merits by fair procedures.

These recommendations echo precisely what every current guide for parents has to say about handling a difficult child. Absolutely no one recommends ignoring or appeasing outrageous behavior. One must set firm limits on such behavior, make clear the punishment for violations, show positive alternatives and offer to negotiate fairly whatever grievances the child might feel. All this is much harder than overlooking misbehavior or simply smacking the kid who misbehaves. As for the wisdom of striking out at the miscreant, which seems to be the essence of the Administration's policy in the gulf, the books all say the same thing.

"There is nothing good to be said of physical punishments," writes Penelope Leach, a British child psychologist and one of today's most respected child-rearing gurus. "Research has shown that smacked children can never remember

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what the[y] were smacked *for.* Pain and indignity make them so angry [that] they go away seething with anger rather than full of repentance . . . You cannot get cooperation through blows." Those who [have] not the applicability of this Age take note. And those who bomb Baghdad back to the Stone nursery wisdom to nations [remember the experience of bombing in Vietnam and] World War II. *It* didn't work.

Another "expert," who has written on the subject who has written on the subject of emotional development in the infant and child, is Dr. Stanley Greenspan, [clarify but professor at George Washington Univer[sity]. In his book *First Feelings* Greenspan [and] and he has observed elsewhere that nations [are] like often behave in ways more appropriate to [children] than adults.

For example, child psychiatrists have long noted the infant's tendency to "split." Unable to understand that their "good" mother or father can also do "bad" things, infants will try to see Mom or Dad as all good and project the bad out there, as devils or monsters or unnamed bad guys. Children, in other words, see the world as black and white, not as gray, a color we get more used to as we grow older.

That kind of polarization may be fine in enabling helpless children to tolerate the confusing world, or in gearing up nations to fight costly, destructive wars, but it doesn't reflect reality and can lead to ghastly mistakes. Many parents, who have absorbed through the literature the conclusions of decades of research on human behavior, have learned that the use of force is usually counterproductive. But more fundamental in producing an aversion to war is the day-to-day experience of nurturing a small person into the human community.

This is an old argument, most recently set forth by Sara Ruddick in *Maternal Thinking: Toward a Politics of Peace.* Ruddick, a professor of philosophy and women's studies at the New School for Social Research, does not try to argue that a mother or anyone else in the role of primary care-giver is inherently more peaceable than others but that the ways of thinking that characterize mothering—the constant working out of strategies of protection, nurture and training—predispose mothers to see the world in those terms. If I understand her argument, and it makes sense to me, she is saying that if you spend much or part of your life preserving a child from danger, furthering its growth and preparing it to join the rest of us as a civilized human being, you are simply not as cavalier about human life.

Ruddick quotes Jane Addams, who was more eloquent than any of us on the subject more than seventy years ago. Addams referred to "that curious revolt (against war) that comes out again and again, even in the women who are most patriotic. . . . Even those women, when they are taken off their guard, give a certain protest, a certain plaint against the whole situation which very few men I think are able to formulate."

Addams attributed this "curious revolt" to women's experience as mothers. She compared a mother to "an artist who

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is in the artillery corps, let us say, and is commanded to fire upon a wonderful thing, say St. Mark's at Venice, or the Duomo at Florence, or any other great architectural and beautiful thing. I am sure that he would have just a little more compunction than the man who had never given himself to creating beauty and did not know the cost of it."

No one could possibly believe that nations would never again resort to arms if only mothers of four were at the helm. The wisest of individual leaders are not always able to dictate the course of great events. But is it pathetically naïve to hope, as the early feminists did, that after the men are heard, after the experts are heard, that the world will not succumb so easily to war when women's voices are finally and fully heard? □

INDUSTRY COVER-UPS

Hidden Health Hazards of CFCs

R. DENNIS HAYES

Pacific Southwest Airlines (P.S.A.) Flight 350 was high above California en route to San Diego when the pilot, Capt. Richard O'Harren, detected an odorless vapor spewing into his face. A system that normally beaded rain on the windshield had failed, filling the cockpit with what was later described as a "CFC cocktail." Fearing for the plane's safety, O'Harren and his first officer, William Mulcaha, snapped on their oxygen masks and landed at their destination without further incident, but not before P.S.A. officials had assured them by radio that the rain-repellent chemicals were "nontoxic and harmless."

They were hardly that, as was already well known when the incident occurred in late 1984. CFCs, or chlorofluorocarbons, not only accelerate ozone depletion but pose a variety of serious health hazards, from fatal heart arrhythmia to lung disease to memory loss and psychomotor impairment. Indeed, the canister feeding Flight 350's leaky repellent system bore the warning: "Overexposure Can Cause Central Nervous System Depression, Anesthesia and Cardiac Sensitization." The same caution still appears on similar canisters installed on 6,000 to 10,000 other commercial jets, but few pilots notice the admonition since it is hidden from view under their seats or on the rear wall of the cockpit.

The warning's lack of visibility typifies how corporate America has been able to insist for years that CFCs are safe, despite evidence dating back to 1937 that they are significant toxins. After the Environmental Protection Agency banned CFC use in aerosol spray cans in 1978 because the compounds were destroying the ozone layer, companies began scheming with the Reagan E.P.A. to derail further CFC regulation. As

R. Dennis Hayes lives in San Francisco and is the author of Behind the Silicon Curtain: The Seductions of Work in a Lonely Era *(South End Press).*

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...e 1980s chemical and electronics engineers ...e to cook up some 200 new manufacturing uses for CFC-113, the particularly versatile product used in the rain repellent and even more widely in Silicon Valley, where electronics firms sprayed or bathed almost everything that goes into a computer in their "solvent of choice."

Were it not for O'Harren, we still might not know the length to which some companies—notably Du Pont and Allied-Signal—went to hide the fact that their CFC products were not exactly benign. Soon after O'Harren was misted with the rain repellent he developed chronic nosebleeds and hypertension. After a required airline physical, a Federal Aviation Administration doctor declared the pilot, then a veteran of eighteen years in the air, medically ineligible to fly, whereupon he lost his license and his job for fourteen months. With San Diego lawyer Lance Schaeffer, O'Harren brought a personal injury and damages claim against Du Pont, Allied-Signal, P.S.A. (now USAir), Boeing and others responsible for manufacturing and employing the repellent. Last Labor Day weekend, in San Diego County Superior Court, a jury awarded O'Harren $454,000 in compensatory damages and the following day assessed USAir $2 million for its negligence. For example, when O'Harren attempted to get the cockpit hazard acknowledged and corrected, P.S.A. refused o warn other pilots. The jury also found against Du Pont for ...ore than $111,000 for failing, in Schaeffer's words, "to warn ...dequately of CFC's dangers."

...ttienne was shocked by Du Pont ...nd ...ied-Signal's brazenness.

The O...n trial revealed that Du Pont and Allied-Signa... massed sufficient evidence that they should ...ave susp... least nine years ago that their widely used CFC-113 s... used rare tumors and fatal lung infections in rats. Yet ... d to warn thousands of unprotected workers nation... ecially in Silicon Valley. The National Occupatio... l Survey estimates that, ... a, 300,000 workers m... en exposed to CFC-11... A... samples taken and ... 1989 by the Rowland Laboratories at the University ...nia, Irvine, showed the valley had the highest amo... 13 molecules ever recorded. The two companies ... warn the E.P.A. and the United ...epresented by the "F" in CFC). Higher fluoride in rats chronNations Env... program, as well as scientists and com... exposed to CFC-113 indicates that the compound has sumers. To ... Valley electronics industry ... oken down into even more toxic substances, says Ettienne, ers proclaim ... and nontoxic. ...luding two (CFC-122 and CFC-123) that federal agencies The trial ... ribe as carcinogenic. "Du Pont failed to completely remetabol...ce that our body cells and tissues can ... aking it down into toxic and c... these results, according to Ettienne, even when the cinogenic c... nearly 3,000 pages of scienti... expressed interest in the data in 1983. "The scientific memos and ... a subpoenaed from Du Pont ... unity should be encouraged to review Du Pont's raw Haskell Lab... the results of toxicity ... their entirety," he says. ing of CFC-... Pont and Allied-Signal ... is not likely to happen soon. Du Pont has so far succeeded the t... period beginning in ... stalling a court order to release all the scientific data but published ... "highly sanitized" suit in the case. Schaeffer, O'Harren's lawyer, says such ries, maintain... e, a cellular and molecular ... is extraordinary, and he opposed Du Pont's legal

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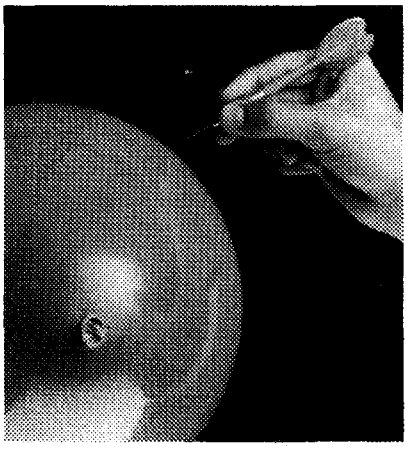

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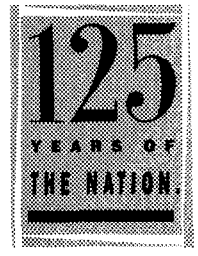

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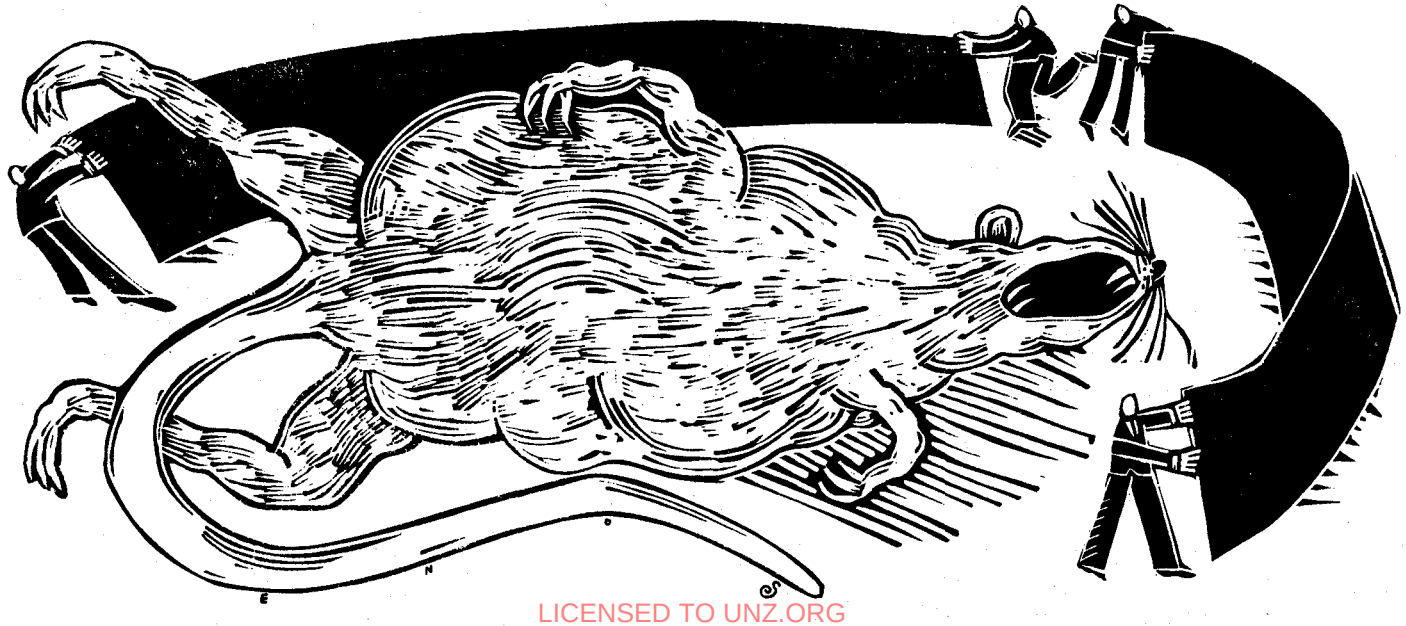
effort to retrieve the data (uncopied) or to have it destroyed. (USAir is playing the secrecy game too, maintaining that O'Harren cannot share his story with the world without its express permission, as stipulated by the airline's contract with the pilots' union. USAir has made it clear to the pilot that if he talks he is out of a job.)

While researching this article, I gained access to the 1,666-page Haskell Laboratories report. I found it in the E.P.A.'s toxic substances database bearing the warning, "Company Sanitized." According to this document, which is not available to the general public, Du Pont revised its summary of the experiment in 1985 before quietly submitting it to the E.P.A. I asked Cathy Andriadis, of Du Pont's External Affairs department, why it insists on court protection for data that are available to the E.P.A.; why it buried the tumor incidence tables that begin on page 1,634, where they appear suddenly after 288 pages of unrelated tables; why the tumor data are not clearly referenced elsewhere in the document or listed in the table of contents; and why Du Pont chose to understate the tumors linked to CFC-113 exposure. Du Pont provided confusing answers. Two days after the O'Harren verdict, Kathy Forte, another spokesperson for External Affairs, read the following prepared statement: "We continue to believe the case is without merit and we are considering an appeal." As of press time, they had yet to file one.

A mandatory gradual phase-out of the use of CFCs has at last begun, the result of last year's amendments to the Montreal Protocol Treaty and the Clean Air Act. This new regulatory pressure has prompted a few large electronics firms to cut down on CFC use, and others are planning to do so. I.B.M., for example, has returned to the soap-and-water technique it used in the 1970s before investing in CFCs. But most electronics firms continue to use CFC-113 and won't be required to phase CFCs out completely until the year 2000. Meanwhile, a whole new round of experiments is being conducted by Du Pont and Allied-Signal to find new, "safer" solvents, and a consortium of the world's largest chemical corporations is betting billions of dollars on the outcome. The new experiments are to decide the workplace safety of hydrochlorofluorocarbons (HCFCs) and hydrofluorocarbons (HFCs). In short, the companies that pushed CFCs on an unsuspecting public for years are now seeking to do the same with potentially even more hazardous chemicals, and with the cooperation of the E.P.A.

An analysis of the agency's database of CFC-113 toxicity studies indicates that Du Pont alone supplied nearly 70 percent of those used to determine E.P.A. regulatory policy and to prepare E.P.A. technical evaluations. When I asked Reva Rubenstein, of the E.P.A.'s Office of Atmospheric and Indoor Programs, if she was comfortable with this arrangement, she answered, "We have confidence in the industry's data." Du Pont and Allied-Signal are members of the Program for Alternative Fluorocarbon Toxicity Testing (PAFT), an organization controlled by international CFC-producing firms whose chemists are conducting toxicity tests on CFC-related substitutes. In a press release, PAFT claims that "preliminary results of toxicity tests" were sending "a favorable signal to continue research and development" of HCFCs and HFCs, and it maintains that "the [preliminary] results suggest that HCFC-123, HFC-134a and HCFC 141b should show no adverse effects in carcinogen tests to be completed in 1992 or 1993."

Karla Perri, of the E.P.A.'s Office of Air and Radiation, says Du Pont and other industry tests form the basis for the E.P.A.'s technical evaluations of HCFCs and HFCs. Congress uses the E.P.A.'s technical evaluations to make laws such as the recent Clean Air Act amendments; the United Nations Environmental Program and the Montreal Protocol group use E.P.A. evaluations to guide the international process of phasing out ozone-depleting substances and phasing in substitutes. All of these bodies recently adopted guidelines allowing firms to phase in HCFCs during the early twenty-first century despite protest by Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth and other environmental groups. Recent reviews of the scientific literature by Greenpeace suggest that HCFCs could adversely affect climate and deplete ozone. Moreover, even an E.P.A. publication released in January of last year noted



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that of all the HCFC substitutes under development, "the largest contributors of [ozone-depleting] chlorine would be HCFC-141b and HCFC-22." In fact, the E.P.A. has concluded that "to return chlorine to pre-Antarctic ozone levels, a phaseout of the HCFCs would also be necessary." HCFCs and HFCs are also greenhouse gases that would contribute to global warming.

Du Pont's HCFCs could prove even more toxic than CFC-113. According to O'Harren trial expert Ettienne, the chemical instability that makes HCFCs less harmful to ozone also makes them more dangerous to workers because they are more easily metabolized. In March of last year, the E.P.A. warned that two of the CFC substitutes "may be hazardous to human health." According to an E.P.A. statement based on ten-year-old data, HCFC-133a produced cancer in rats and HCFC-132b damaged liver tissue. The current industry-run HCFC experiments did not yield this awkward news, according to an E.P.A. spokesperson.

The E.P.A. is already concerned about the workplace dangers of HCFCs and HFCs. In a special report issued last November, the E.P.A. wrote that "compared to the CFCs . . . the HCFCs and HFCs exhibit a greater potential for systemic effects." The E.P.A. "urge[s] all companies and workers involved with the production and use of CFC substitutes to take reasonable efforts to ensure that exposures to these chemicals are controlled while additional data are being developed." The report continued, "The results of these preliminary analyses [from the chemical industry] indicate that HFCs and HCFCs can be used in a manner safe to workers, consumers, and the general population, given appropriate technological changes and exposure control practices in some applications," but the E.P.A. stressed the "interim" nature of its assessment. Nevertheless, it constitutes a go-ahead to the industry.

"Du Pont and Allied-Signal are jumping the gun," says Erik Johnson, of Greenpeace's Atmosphere and Energy Campaign. The world's largest CFC producers, Du Pont and Allied-Signal have already committed in excess of $1.25 billion for this decade in the evolving CFC substitute market that includes HCFCs and HFCs. Last June Du Pont announced it would design four new plants to produce HFCs. After evaluating alternatives to CFC-113 for use by military contractors, an agency for the Pentagon has provisionally approved HCFCs. Yet as Johnson points out, extensive review has turned up "a variety of safe non-CFC alternatives for every major [CFC] application." Among them are solar-powered refrigerators that are cooled by the mineral zeolite, ultrasonic nozzles that eliminate the need for solvents in the manufacture of electronics or, as at I.B.M., just plain soap and water.

The proposition that corporate science is bad science is not new. But the supporting evidence often comes too late. The O'Harren trial showed conclusively that Du Pont engaged in and covered up dubious scientific procedures that may have jeopardized the health of hundreds of thousands of workers. Now Du Pont and its industry kin are seeking to repeat the scenario, to force again a critical chemical choice without benefit of a thorough and public debate. Both the health of our workers and the viability of the planet's radiation shield may depend on what happens next. □

NATION REPRINTS

The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today

Elinor Langer's well-researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is indeed happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. *(July 16/23, 1990)*

How on Earth?—Strategies For a Habitable Planet

The Nation's special Earth Day 1990 issue features bold articles by Barry Commoner and Kirkpatrick Sale outlining down-to-earth technological and political strategies for preserving the planet. Commoner argues that government regulation has failed to persuade American corporations to clean up their act, and Sale argues that Earth Day 1990 commemorated the problem, not the solution. "To succeed," according to the issue's lead editorial, "environmental politics needs a movement." The solutions offered here are radical, but so is the problem. *(April 30, 1990)*

'Fetal Rights'—A New Assault on Feminism

Katha Pollitt focuses on the anti-choice forces' new strategy: persecuting women who carry or give birth to drug dependent or alcoholic children. Pollitt tells how mothers are being portrayed "as the major threat to unborn babies." Already in wide demand for college textbooks and academic courses in many disciplines. *(March 26, 1990)*

Scapegoating the Black Family

Guest-edited and written by African-American women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the reality of the black family. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With a final appeal/challenge to America by speaker, activist and author Ossie Davis. This issue has received widespread attention in academic circles and was nominated for a National Magazine Award. *(July 24/31, 1989)*

The Lords of the Global Village

Mergers and takeovers are transforming the information business, creating companies worth billions of dollars and concentrating power and ownership in the hands of a few. Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, examines the growth of these giant communication combines, and profiles such media barons as Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell. This special issue is essential to all students of the media, in or out of the classroom. *(June 12, 1989)*

Defending the Rain Forest and Its People

Alexander Cockburn and Susanna Hecht's powerful account of the destruction of the Amazon rain forests and the efforts to save them. Also, an inspirational interview with one of the most visible and vocal—and threatened—leaders of the Rubber Tappers Union, Osmarino Amancio Rodríguez. *(May 22, 1989)*

The Armenian Journal of Michael Arlen

Travel through earthquake-torn Armenia with Michael Arlen, author of *Passage to Ararat*. Meet the people of Yerevan, Leninakan, Spitak. See and hear their suffering and hope as they struggle to regain their history and forge their future. Compassionate and rich in detail. *(April 24, 1989)*

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DRUG WARS OVER THERE

Europe's Kinder, Gentler Approach

DIANA R. GORDON

National drug policy in this country is a bit like the mirage on the highway: You think there's something there until you get close to it, by which time it has dissolved. Upon taking office George Bush promised an all-out war on drugs but backed away less than a week later, saying the deficit required that he mount "a major educational effort," which would be less expensive than trying to lock up all the dealers or seal the borders to keep drugs out. Then, perhaps figuring that bark could substitute for bite, at least temporarily, he appointed William Bennett as drug czar, who needled his boss into being more overtly punitive, saying, "Should we have drug education programs or should we have tough policy? If I have the choice of only one, I will take policy every time because I know children." And now Bennett's successor is likely to be former Florida Governor Bob Martinez, a hard-line conservative who nevertheless more than doubled funding for drug treatment in Florida during his four-year term and earnestly embraces a "holistic approach" to drugs, whatever that means.

In September I spent three weeks in four European countries—Britain, the Netherlands, Germany and Italy—trying to find out if their approaches were as incoherent and cynical as ours. Superficially, the answer is yes. (The exception is the Netherlands, where policy is consistently permissive and prevention-oriented with users but tough on traffickers.) In Britain the Home Secretary warned in 1989 of an impending crack epidemic that has not materialized (although homemade crack has been noted in South London). Margaret Thatcher's rhetoric often sounded a lot like Bush's, but while she praised the police whose drug raid on a pub led to a riot in 1989, the Department of Health and Social Security (D.H.S.S.) substantially increased funding for AIDS prevention that included giving clean needles to addicts. Last summer Italy, a country where previously the possession of small amounts of both hard and soft drugs was not punishable, adopted a new law that theoretically would force any drug user to choose jail or treatment and would punish anyone in possession of more than a "daily dose" of drugs as a dealer. But not to worry, I was repeatedly told; those provisions will rarely be enforced, just as, two and a half years after Italy became the last country in Western Europe to make it illegal to drink and drive, not a single person has been convicted of drunken driving.

That's not the whole story, however. Beneath the thin crust of political posturing—the debate over the Italian law was supposedly a means of keeping then-Prime Minister Bettino Craxi and his Socialist Party on the front pages for a few months—there's a wellspring of serious interest in applying humane and consistent public health and social policies to Europe's drug problem. The concern exists even at the senior political level. "How do we deal with the fact that to experiment with drugs is normal?" a prominent Italian legislator asked me, waving a copy of the recent Berkeley research report that found that adolescents who had used drugs from time to time (mostly marijuana) were better adjusted than their counterparts who were either frequent users or abstainers.

It is, of course, difficult to generalize about the perspectives of countries as culturally different as the relaxed, pragmatic Netherlands and its uptight neighbor Germany. Where the former can simply involve the "expediency principle" in its Code of Criminal Procedure to insure that the justice process does not cause more harm to users than drugs do, German law allows no such flexibility.

But what can be said generally about Western Europe is that behind whatever policies are being adopted and implemented, there is less moral fundamentalism about drug taking and less demonization of drug takers than in the United States. Most of the Europeans I spoke with—public health officials, youth workers, researchers, politicians, even police—are simply mystified by statements like Bennett's declaration in the March 1990 *Reader's Digest*: "The simple fact is drug use is wrong. And the moral argument, in the end, is the most compelling argument." And they exclaimed in fascinated horror over the political theater of Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates's Senate committee testimony last September to the effect that casual pot users should be "taken out and shot."

They're also astonished by the grandiose scale of our aims. "This scourge will stop," said Bush in an inaugural excess that would have surely come back to haunt him if he had meant it seriously in the first place. In Europe more modest aims have taken hold. Acknowledging that illicit drug use is functional for some people in some situations, most countries are turning down the heat on use and possession even as they increase penalties for trafficking. Last June German Chancellor Helmut Kohl unveiled the National Battle Plan Against Narcotics—a German version of our War on Drugs. But even this hard-line plan bows to the reality of rather high pot use among the young by including provisions for decriminalizing possession of small amounts of marijuana.

The American aim of eradicating the evil dictates a strategy of exhortation to abstinence. Europeans are less likely to be driven by this logic and often operate on the supposition that policy must develop a variety of approaches for different types of drugs and users. Most interesting, particularly in the Netherlands and Britain (though it's spreading to northern Germany too), is a strategy commonly called "harm reduction." Driven by an awareness that many users of illicit drugs don't want to stop and by a concern that the stigma attached to drug use keeps people from getting medical care and information, public health agencies (and in some cases police) are taking their clients as they find them, helping them become drug-free if they wish and, if they don't, guiding them

Diana R. Gordon, who teaches political science and criminology at the City College of New York, is author of The Justice Juggernaut *(Rutgers University Press).*

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to drug use that is safer for them and for society as a whole. Dr. John Marks, at his clinic in Widnes, near Liverpool, has revived the "British system" of heroin maintenance and is experimenting with smokable heroin as a safer alternative to injection, helping some users live productive, settled lives and lowering the incidence of acquisitive crime in the area. The Maryland Training Center in Liverpool (along with many other smaller, less well-known efforts in England) is making clean needles available to intravenous heroin users, helping to keep the HIV-positive rate low in Merseyside as compared with other regions.

Without question the advent of AIDS has legitimized the harm-reduction approach. In Britain in 1988 an advisory group of the D.H.S.S. helped it along by concluding flatly, "HIV is a greater danger to individual and public health than drug misuse." The strategy, however, incorporates measures that go beyond the risks of AIDS. A Liverpool clinic, for example, shows addicts who are injecting in the groin (because they have worn out the veins in arms or legs) how to do so safely; hitting the femoral artery, instead of a vein, can be fatal. And harm reduction isn't aimed solely at intravenous users; the core messages of a 1988 Sussex radio campaign aimed at young alcohol and drug users were that mixing alcohol and other drugs is risky, and that drug takers who pass out should be placed in the recovery position and taken to the hospital if they don't soon recover consciousness.

An important part of harm-reduction strategy is establishing and maintaining contact with drug users who, with abstinence-oriented approaches, are lost to the health system. The Drop-Inn Center in Hamburg, Germany—a city where the mayor has defied the country's punitive orientation by proposing the legalization of heroin possession—attracts drug users not only with its provision of clean needles and counseling but also by serving free coffee and a cheap lunch. A drug user teetering on the edge of homelessness can spend a few nights there, do a load of laundry and take a shower.

At the Drop-Inn Center harm reduction overlaps with another strategy gaining currency in Europe—that of "normalizing" some uses of some drugs. The term has different meanings in different contexts. In Hamburg it simply means that the young users who aren't hassling anyone in the street or spreading AIDS through needle sharing will not only not be arrested but will have a place to hang out where their drug use will be assumed and accepted.

In Amsterdam the de facto decriminalization of marijuana and hashish is seen as a kind of affirmative nurturance of youth culture, a part of the larger tolerance that characterizes Dutch society. The coffee-shop scene there (and, to a lesser degree, in Rotterdam and Utrecht) gives these drugs a comfortable niche in modern consumer society. In attractive, brightly lit, individualized surroundings—some coffee shops are aimed at tourists, others at artists or feminists or high school students—the purchaser can drink cannabis tea or munch on "space cake" made with THC-infused oil. Some shops get a jump on their competitors by giving you a free package after you've made your tenth buy. It's all so normalized that one of the shops—actually a small chain—advertises with a billboard in the central railroad station.

Normalization in Amsterdam is also evident in the treatment of compulsive use of opiates. Buses cruise the city to provide addicts with maintenance doses of methadone, a normal part of public health routine. The Dutch government is held accountable for comprehensive drug treatment on demand by interest-group pressure from the junkies' union ("junkiebond").

Although the language of drug policy that I noted in Europe sometimes sounded alarmist in the same ways that ours is, the greater range of aims and strategies in drug policy in general produces a gentler and more varied discourse about drugs. (One fascinating difference is that in Europe one sees earthy humor used in public warnings about the dangers of drugs. A poster put out by Britain's D.H.S.S. reads, "It only takes one prick to give you AIDS.") Perhaps it's also that in Europe drug use is neither so prevalent nor so entwined with what sociologists call secondary deviance—violent business transactions, child abuse and aggressive panhandling.

It is easy to assume that European responses to drugs are irrelevant to the U.S. experience. We tend to think that our

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druggies are more desperate and dangerous individuals, that the insatiable demand for better living through chemicals is unique to this country. But such conclusions—though they are probably, at the simplest factual level, true—beg the real question, which is why we have become such a drug-dependent society. The European countries that are trying more nuanced drug policies than ours are not only less bedeviled by drug excesses than we are; they are also not gun cultures, and they provide more social and medical supports to their citizens.

Harm reduction and normalization may indeed not be meaningful in an American context. If so, however, it is not because our drug users and sellers are beyond the reach of the forgiveness and succor implied by these concepts. Instead, it is because they know that the life into which many would be normalized yields only the minimal rewards of dead-end jobs, atomized social relationships and empty consumerism. That may sound bleak, but welcome to the 1990s. □

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 113*)

National Student and Youth Campaign for Peace in the Middle East
c/o USSA, 1012 14th St., N.W., Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005
(202) 462-1801
Coordinating national student meeting in Washington, January 27.

New England War Tax Resistance
Box 174, M.I.T. Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139 (617) 859-0662
Holds monthly tax resistance seminars, provides counseling.

New Jewish Agenda
64 Fulton St. #1100, New York, NY 10038 (212) 227-5885
Organizes nationally and through local chapters; supports two-state solution, international conference.

Operation Real Security
2076 East Alameda Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282 (602) 921-3090
Provides speakers, videocassettes, information for local groups.

Palestine Solidarity Committee
Box 372, Peck Slip Station, New York, NY 10272 (212) 964-7299
Works in support of Palestinian self-determination.

Paper Tiger/Gulf Crisis TV Project
339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012 (212) 228-6370
Produces, distributes videotapes recording resistance work nationwide.

Seattle Coalition for Peace In the Middle East
4554 12th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105 (206) 632-7207
Organizes marches, mass civil disobedience, public education.

Southern Rainbow Education Project
46 East Patton Ave., Montgomery, AL 36105 (205) 288-5754
Combines work for social justice with antiwar activities.

War Resisters League
339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012 (212) 228-0450
Provides legal referrals, counseling, outreach to reservists.

Washington Area Labor Committee Against War in the Middle East
c/o SEIU Local 722, 1673 Columbia Rd., N.W., Washington, DC 20009
(202) 483-6221
Conducts worker education, mobilization; aims to build official labor support against the war.

Death in Vilnius

At stake in the drama now unfolding in Vilnius is not just the fate of Lithuania or the Baltic States but the destinies of Mikhail Gorbachev and *perestroika* and the immediate future of progressive change in the Soviet Union. Eduard Shevardnadze knew what he was talking about when he warned just before Christmas of the imminent danger of dictatorship. There is still some mystery about what happened on the weekend of January 12-13, when a delegation of the Federation Council, the new highest executive organ of the Soviet Union, was sent to the Lithuanian capital to negotiate and Soviet troops simultaneously stormed the television tower, killing fifteen people and wounding more than a hundred. Gorbachev may not have ordered the armed intervention himself but merely accepted the *fait accompli*. In any event, he is now in a position from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself.

The analogy with 1956, when Russia took advantage of the Suez crisis to invade Hungary, should not be overdrawn. The Soviet Union is now a very different place. Gorbachev's advocates can plead that any republic may now secede if it respects the rules of the new Constitution. They can claim that Lithuanian President Vytautas Landsbergis is no great lover of compromise and that some people around him are no angels. They can argue that the problem of non-natives—about a quarter of the population in Lithuania, more than a third in Estonia and nearly half in Latvia—must be tackled seriously and fairly. But the plain truth remains that you don't spread democracy, let alone socialist democracy, by sending tanks against the people.

Of all leaders, Gorbachev seemed to have learned that lesson. After his glorious beginning with *glasnost*, he got bogged down. As the Soviet Union has moved from crisis to crisis, he has displayed an extraordinary talent for brinkmanship. Like one of those Russian dolls called *vanka-stanka*, he always recovered his balance. Indeed, he seemed to emerge from each crisis with greater nominal powers. The snag is that this increase in legal prerogatives has been coupled with a loss in popularity. Thus, when this winter's discontent reached an explosive point, forcing him to act, he found himself rather lonely. Deserted by the so-called radicals of the *priviligentsia*, for whom he is too slow in his drive to the capitalist market, he has not yet built an alternative constituency, notably among the workers. Paradoxically, Gorbachev the reformer found himself increasingly reliant on the army, the police and the half-broken Communist Party.

Did the logic of that alliance drive him to the confrontation in the Baltics, or did he himself assume that he could teach a cheap lesson in the Baltics, warning the Georgians, the Moldavians and, above all, the Ukrainians that he must now be taken in earnest? Whatever his reasons, he clearly did not bargain for the conflict being so bloody or having such wide international repercussions. This is not the place to discuss Gorbachev's evolution. For today, it is important to condemn the use of tanks against the people and to warn Gorbachev of the political consequences.

At the big January 12 demonstration in Paris against war in the gulf, among the 100,000 or so marchers the most frequently seen poster quoted a phrase from the poet Jacques Prévert: *Quelle connerie la guerre*—What fucking folly war is. Amid the clamor of condemnation of the bloodshed in Vilnius only those who categorically reject the much bigger mid-winter madness in the gulf have earned the right, and the duty, to condemn the Soviet intervention. DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Life of the Party

MAURICE ISSERMAN

LETTERS OF EUGENE V. DEBS. *Edited by J. Robert Constantine. University of Illinois Press. 3 vols. 1,793 pp. $120.*

Writing in his uncertain English from a prison death cell in Massachusetts in 1923, the anarchist Bartolomeo Vanzetti expressed to Socialist Party (S.P.) leader Eugene Debs feelings of unmixed admiration:

> You and I belong to different schools of socialism—but you are my teacher. I do not vote, but I would trust unto you the sacrest and dearest things of the life. Because you have superated this age, arose above the narrow limits of parties and of sects, and masterly preach by exemples. . . . [M]iseries, darkness and death, or health, light, happiness and life, are more determined by the qualities and the deeds of the individuals than by parties' and se[c]ts' programs and creeds. And I am positive that if a minority would follow your [practical] example the reality of the tomorrow would be above the dreams of many dreamers.

Vanzetti's letter is one of more than 1,500 written to or by Eugene Debs collected in the three-volume *Letters of Eugene V. Debs*, edited by J. Robert Constantine, emeritus professor of history at Indiana State University. Vanzetti's vision of Debs as an exemplary figure, "superating" (proving superior to?) his era was a common one. Ida Wells-Barnett, a black woman who launched a crusade against lynching, wrote to Debs in 1916 with praise for his denunciation of D.W. Griffith's recently released inflammatory movie, *Birth of a Nation*: "Of all the millions of white men of this country, you are the only one I know that has had the courage to speak out against this diabolical production as it deserves." Carlo Tresca, Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) leader, wrote to Debs in the midst of the Mesabi iron range strike later that same year, asking for his aid: "Help, Gene! You are the heart, the brain of the worker in America and your voice is the voice of labor. . . . [A]rise, comrade Debs, arise the workers and let them realize the necessity of the stand, one for all and all for one." And Helen Keller (remembered today for her triumph over blindness and deafness, not for her socialist convictions) wrote to Debs in 1919 on the eve of his imprisonment by the federal government: "For years I have thought of you as a dauntless explorer going toward the dawn, and, like a humble adventurer, I have followed in the trail of your footsteps."

Debs bemoaned the fact that socialists 'waste so much of their time and substance in factional fighting.'

Given its length, price and subject matter, this collection of Debs's letters is not likely to show up on many coffee tables. But it does belong in every serious research library, as it represents an invaluable resource for students of labor and radical and Progressive era history. Not all of those who wrote to Debs were as famous as Wells-Barnett, Tresca and Keller. Constantine has done a remarkable job of tracing and identifying all but the most obscure of Debs's correspondents; his footnotes amount to a virtual Who's Who of early twentieth-century American radicalism.

Letters of Eugene V. Debs includes a useful introductory biographical sketch, but Constantine refrains from extensive commentary on the letters themselves. Debs has not lacked for capable biographers, most recently Nick Salvatore, whose prize-winning *Eugene V. Debs: Citizen and Socialist* was published in 1982. Biography is, of necessity, the art of selective emphasis, and Salvatore's is on the "citizen" Debs of his subtitle. Salvatore stresses the continuity of values that Debs carried from his small-town Indiana boyhood through his years as a craft and industrial unionist and into the socialist movement. The letters in Constantine's work, at least as I read them, shift the emphasis back to the "socialist" Debs, illustrating the inner life and dynamics of labor and radical organization.

Born in Terre Haute in 1855, Debs went to work in the local railroad yards before he had turned 15. By the time he was 25 he was editor of the national magazine of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and by the time he was 30 he was sitting in the Indiana state legislature as a Democrat. Debs's views in those years, as Salvatore and Constantine both note, were those of a fairly conservative craft unionist, anchored in a vision of social harmony between labor and capital. But by the early 1890s Debs had come to feel that craft unionism was a dead end for the labor movement. He formed the American Railway Union (A.R.U.), which enjoyed a brief but phenomenal success, climaxing in the great Pullman strike of 1894. The strike was broken by federal troops, and the A.R.U.'s defeat and subsequent collapse led Debs into the socialist movement.

In the era before the rise of the electronic media, organizations such as the A.R.U. and the S.P. relied heavily on the travels and speeches of their leaders to link their members in a sense of common endeavor. A speaker of unparalleled abilities, Debs devoted forty years of his life to crisscrossing the country to meet a frenetic schedule of speeches and meetings. Debs was also a chronic hypochondriac who complained to all who would listen for the same four decades of "nervous exhaustion." He was forever recommending special diets and exercise regimens to friends and family. In a 1913 letter to Theodore Debs, his younger brother and closest confidant, he revealed the "secret of health, bodily and mental":

> Eat moderately, eat slowly, anything you please, chew it well, & spend every minute you can *out-doors*. . . . You & Gertrude must go out daily for long walks & keep it up *every day*. Let nothing prevent. *Neglect everything to be outdoors.*

The requirements of union and party leadership led him to neglect his own advice: Months on the road were followed by repeated episodes of physical and nervous prostration. Debs complained in a 1910 letter of having been forced to give

Maurice Isserman teaches at Hamilton College. His most recent book, co-written with Dorothy Healey, is Dorothy Healey Remembers: A Life in the American Communist Party. *He is currently at work on a biography of Michael Harrington.*

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up "all the comforts of home to serve the cause." And it's hard not to sympathize with the *cri de coeur* he addressed to his tour manager after enduring weeks of overnight train rides to ever more remote and inconvenient locations: "Whatever possessed you to put Tooele [Utah] into this schedule?"

And yet for all his complaints, Debs was never happier than when he had the chance to appear before adoring crowds. Although he appeared to be selfless to his followers, he was a man of no small vanity. He exulted in a letter to Theodore in 1910:

> The meeting at Seattle last night defies description. The vast & beautiful auditorium that holds 5,000 was jammed to the doors. Every inch of standing room was packed and *not one soul* left the hall till the last word fell from my lips. . . . I spoke 1 hr & 20 minutes without a flaw. The effect was magical. The women were out in full force as it was announced that I would speak in favor of the constitutional amendment now pending granting the franchise to women. And I did, and they were beside themselves with enthusiasm & delight.

There was a negative side to such adulation. Many people wanted things from Debs, and he wasn't always able or willing to meet their expectations. When Debs refused to intervene with the editor of the socialist newspaper *Appeal to Reason* to secure a review of a book by a St. Louis socialist, the indignant author wrote him pages and pages ("And after all I have suffered . . . ") of whining complaint. Debs apparently lacked the self-control just to brush off such importunings, and fired back an equally lengthy retort:

> You blame me as if I were responsible for people not wanting your book. You speak as if one word from me would put it in circulation. I have not even read your book. I know little about your book. I have other affairs besides your book to engage me. . . . To read your letter one would think that you had spent your whole life serving me in particular, that I was under a world of personal obligation to you.

One comes away from reading several such exchanges thinking that Debs usually got the better of them, but that the leader of American socialism should have had better things to occupy his time.

The S.P.'s record of achievements in the years before World War I made the minor irritations of organizational involvement more bearable. When Debs first stood as the socialist movement's standard-bearer in the 1900 presidential election he received a mere 97,000 votes. Writing to Theodore a few days after the election, recalling the enthusiasm of the crowds that had greeted him in the previous few months, he commented dryly: "Thus closes the campaign—and the results show that we got everything *except votes*." The crowds continued to turn out in subsequent campaigns, and as time passed Debs began to get more votes. By 1912 he had increased his vote tenfold, receiving 6 percent of the presidential vote nationwide and moving into double digits in some states (in Oklahoma and Nevada he received more than 16 percent of the vote). Debs had become the unifying symbol of a staunchly indigenous American radical movement that united West Virginia coal miners, Lower East Side needleworkers, Oklahoma sharecroppers and Pacific Northwest lumberjacks. Writing in 1903 to Adolph Germer, a socialist leader in the United Mine Workers Union, Debs confidently dismissed the challenge posed by the S.P.'s tiny rival, the Socialist Labor Party:

> You must not take those people too seriously. They are doubtless honest but they are fanatics. . . . All the time and energy at my command are required to promote the cause of socialism. I am entirely too much engrossed in this work to give any attention to the dog-in-the-manger fellows who are too small to build up a movement themselves and are determined that no one else shall.

The S.P. did not prove immune to the attractions of sectarian squabbling. In 1908 Debs bemoaned the fact that "socialists must waste so much of their time and substance in factional fighting. A certain amount of it may be inevitable but it seems as if we have a certain element which is not satisfied unless there is a row on." Yet time and again Debs found himself drawn into the S.P.'s internal disputes, particularly over issues of labor movement strategy. He felt the moderate (or "slowcialist") S.P. leaders like Victor Berger and Morris Hillquit were compromising the revolutionary character of the socialist message to curry favor with the leaders of the American Federation of Labor (A.F.L.): "I shall fight Berger and Hillquit either inside or outside of the party just the same as I would fight [A.F.L. leaders] Gompers, Mitchell or Morrison were they inside of our organization, for I can see no practical difference whatever between them."

The onset of World War I raised new and difficult issues for American socialists. In 1914 most of the European socialist parties (the Russians excepted) had reneged on their antiwar commitments. As America edged toward intervention in the war in 1916, Debs took to task those socialists who showed any signs of backsliding on the S.P.'s antiwar position. "Socialists are not required to demonstrate their patriotism for the benefit of the capitalist class," Debs wrote to the socialist mayor of Milwaukee, who had taken part in a "preparedness" parade, "and that class will not only not thank them for it but hold them in greater contempt."

Indicted under the Espionage Act for an antiwar speech he delivered in Canton, Ohio, in the spring of 1918, Debs was convicted and sentenced to ten years in the Atlanta federal penitentiary. Faced with a six-month prison sentence a quarter-century earlier for his role in the Pullman strike, Debs had displayed a defiant nonchalance. "If I happen to go to jail don't worry," he told his parents. "I would rather a thousand times be a man in prison than a free poltroon. Thousands of the world's best & noblest have occupied prison cells." His six months in prison in Woodstock, Illinois, in 1895 had not been a physical strain on the younger Debs, and made him a national hero. But the thirty-two months he spent in Atlanta in 1919-21 broke his health and tried his faith in the inevitability of socialist victory. Seymour Stedman, longtime personal friend and Debs's running mate in the 1920 presidential election (when the imprisoned candidate again received close to a million votes), wrote to Debs in Atlanta just after Christmas in 1920: "If Jesus should come on earth, they would grab him and throw him into the nearest cell, and howl with glee—wall st and the workers together." Debs's morale certainly could not have been improved by such

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letters, or by the one he received in April 1921 signed only "A Producer":

> We working people of Oregon hope that the guards throw the whip into you every day. You aren't a toiler. You never produced anything. You tried to prolong war so that 1000000's of the US boys would be slaughtered. . . . You are a *Parasyte* [*sic*]. We hope the guards will lash you on the bareback.

A soured populist nationalism proved to have had more appeal to such "producers" than Debs's class-conscious vision of the cooperative commonwealth.

While the S.P. was besieged from without, it proceeded to disintegrate from within. Hoping to emulate the triumph of Lenin's Bolsheviks in Russia, two rival communist organizations, the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party, emerged from the wreckage of the Socialist Party in 1919. Debs hoped at first that the warring factions could be reunited. The impulses that led some into the communist movement were not so different from those that had inspired earlier socialists. "I am affiliated with the Communist Labor party," a woman from Utah wrote Debs in Atlanta in January 1920, "and I sincerely hope I am not wrong":

> I deplore the split in the ranks of the socialist movement at a time when we needed unity the most. . . . Sometimes I fear that the comrades were stampeded into taking too hasty action and then again I think that organizations or their names do not amount to so much as principles and that it is the principles that one should be loyal to and I feel that I can battle just as sincerely for the cause in the C.L.P. as in the Socialist party.

"Mistakes have been made on all sides," Debs wrote in April 1920, refusing to come out in open condemnation of the new American Communists. "I can fight capitalists but not comrades." But he was soon complaining about the "impossible conditions" laid down for admission into the Communist International, which have "split the socialist parties of all countries wide open." And in time he grew disenchanted with the Bolshevik Revolution itself. "There is certainly something that is radically wrong with the policy of Soviet Russia in dealing with those who are not in accord with its program," he wrote shortly before his death:

> I have heartily favored Soviet Russia from the hour it was born and have supported it with my pen and from the platform to the full extent of my power, but I have been utterly opposed to the cruel Soviet policy which has proscribed the expression of opinion and made a crime of all honest opposition.

Personal ailments and political disappointments darkened Debs's last years. "I have been given no chance, nor will be given any here to rest and be quiet," Debs complained in 1922 over the never-ceasing demands placed on him by the Socialist Party for appearances and articles. "The comrades will not permit it. I suppose they think now that the capitalists are through with me for awhile it is their turn." A year before his death in 1926, in a statement that reflected his own intimations of personal mortality as well as a political estimate, Debs declared, "The Socialist party is as near a corpse as a thing can be and still show signs of life." His disappointment and anger led him for the first time to blame the movement's rank and file, rather than individual leaders, for the S.P.'s woes: A "great majority of American socialists are socialists in name only . . . utterly lacking the spirit and fibre of revolutionary socialism."

When all was said and done, Bartolomeo Vanzetti argued in his letter to Debs in 1923, it would be the qualities and deeds of individuals rather than the programs and creeds of organizations that would determine the outcome of the struggle for a better world. Debs wrote back to Vanzetti, but the letter has unfortunately been lost. He undoubtedly took and valued Vanzetti's words as they were intended, as a personal tribute. But Debs in fact had devoted his life to a different proposition: that only through the building of organizations (with all the frustrations and problems that attended such enterprises) could the efforts of individuals make a difference for the common good. His personal vanities notwithstanding, Debs was the first to acknowledge the limits of charismatic leadership. As he declared in his most famous speech:

> I don't want you to follow me or anyone else. If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of this capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into the promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else could lead you out. □

Our Genes, Ourselves

ALICE WEXLER

DANGEROUS DIAGNOSTICS: The Social Power of Biological Information. *By Dorothy Nelkin and Laurence Tancredi. Basic Books. 207 pp. $18.95.*

BACKDOOR TO EUGENICS. *By Troy Duster. Routledge. 201 pp. $39.95.*

At a public hearing of the 1977 Congressional Commission for the Control of Huntington's Disease and its Consequences, a rancher offered his views on the elimination of severe inherited disorders. "Now I don't like to liken people to animals," he said, "but if I had a cow that was throwing six-legged calves, I'd eliminate that line." The views of a Colorado doctor and geneticist in relation to Huntington's disease, a fatal hereditary neurological illness, were not that different. "If everyone who possessed this allele [alternative form of a genetic locus] knew the fact *and* made arrangements not to reproduce," he told the commission, "the disease would, for practical purposes, be wiped out."

Huntington's disease represents an extreme case—one in which a single gene causes the disorder. Many diseases arise from a combination of genes, or genes interacting with the environment. Nonetheless, Huntington's illustrates the dilemmas posed by the explosive advances in molecular biology and neurobiology that have given rise to new forms of predictive medicine. The new scanning and imaging techniques such as PET (Positron Emission Tomography) enable investigators to determine brain function with an unprecedented sensitivity that may detect abnormalities before any symptoms appear. The discoveries of genes or genetic markers for inherited disorders such as neurofibromatosis, cystic fibrosis and Huntington's disease facilitate accurate diagnoses that used to be extremely uncertain, causing patients and their families endless anguish and expense. Genetic tests now permit prenatal screening for a number of genes ranging from those causing severe debilitation and death such as Tay-Sachs disease to milder forms of handicap. Early diagnosis may mean more effective therapeutic intervention and also the chance for those carrying

Alice Wexler, author of Emma Goldman in Exile *(Beacon Press), is writing a book about Huntington's disease to be published by Times Books/Random House.*

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genes for catastrophic illness to avoid bearing children doomed to suffering and early death. Yet the power to diagnose and especially to predict poses awesome dilemmas and dangers as well.

Emphasizing the need for an informed public discourse, Dorothy Nelkin and Laurence Tancredi in *Dangerous Diagnostics* and Troy Duster in *Backdoor to Eugenics* offer a compelling critique of past and potential abuses arising from the recent explosion of knowledge in genetics and neurobiology. They consider the ways in which diagnostic tests may be used by insurers, employers, courts, schools and even public health officials to pursue their own goals of cost cutting and control. Whatever their medical benefits, these authors argue, the growing refinement of diagnostic tests—in a society where power is highly stratified—offers dangerous opportunities for stigmatization, discrimination and marginalization of those deemed "defective." Warning of the dangers of a new eugenics, both books evoke the specter of a new "biologic underclass"—people defined by their genetic or neurological status as uneducable, uninsurable and unemployable.

Dangerous Diagnostics, the more present-oriented of these two books, notes that despite the seeming precision and accuracy of diagnostic neurological and genetic tests, they are often open to interpretation and may be far from reliable. Yet as our understanding of genes grows, clinicians as well as those outside the medical establishment tend to equate genetic influence with genetic determination, ignoring the complex interaction of genes and environment that underlies most human conditions. This focus on individual biology rather than environment and social context in turn helps foster a politics of exclusion. Insurers, for example, may use diagnostic tests to assess risk and deny coverage to those deemed poor biological risks, including people with AIDS desperately in need of care and carriers of sickle cell trait who have no heightened health risk at all. Health maintenance organizations also use a process of "skimming" to exclude all but the most "profitable" patients. With the increasing availability of tests to identify future susceptibility to diseases such as cancer, atherosclerosis and depression, even more people may be excluded. Similarly, employers—who are often the insurers of their employees—may use tests to deny employment to those deemed likely to fall ill and require medical care. Chemical companies have long used tests of chemical sensitivity to exclude vulnerable workers, particularly women of childbearing age. Rather than cleaning up the workplace, they place the onus of responsibility on the individual employee. The government has proposed the establishment of DNA data banks similar to F.B.I. fingerprint files. Hard "scientific" evidence in the courts carries with it an authority that may mask the imprecision and uncertainties of interpretation.

Nelkin, a sociologist who heads the Institute for the Study of Social Change at the New York University Faculty of Law, and Tancredi, director of the Health Law Program at the University of Texas Health Science Center, focus on the dangers of using diagnostic tests in nonclinical settings in ways that reinforce existing social hierarchies. Duster, a sociologist at the University of California, Berkeley, offers a more wide-ranging, historically informed perspective on the implications of a growing emphasis on genetic explanations in a racially stratified society. The new genetics, writes Duster, has helped to legitimize old hereditarian explanations of behavior that had been discredited by Nazi eugenic practices in the 1930s and by the social protest movements of the 1960s. In particular, the discovery that genetic disorders are distributed differentially by race and ethnic group—sickle cell anemia in blacks and Mediterraneans, Tay-Sachs disease in Ashkenazi Jews—helped legitimize consideration of the question of whether other human traits might also be racially or ethnically distributed. Drawing on the work of Stephen J. Gould, R.C. Lewontin, Daniel Kevles and others, Duster reminds us that allegedly neutral scientific debate on questions such as the genetics of intelligence, criminal behavior and mental illness has been powerfully shaped by the historical contexts in which it occurred. For example, in the early decades of the twentieth century, in the context of growing nativist reaction against the influx of so-called new immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, Jews were found to score lower on many I.Q. tests than Gentiles. Their supposedly lower intelligence was used as an argument for the immigration-restriction laws passed in the 1920s. Later, as Southern blacks moved to Northern cities, the accusation of inferior intelligence shifted to blacks. While the civil rights movement of the 1960s focused attention on social and environmental causes of behavior, in 1969

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a Berkeley psychologist, Arthur Jensen, helped revive the debate over the genetics of intelligence by arguing in the *Harvard Educational Review* that blacks scored lower than whites on I.Q. tests by virtue of inferior genetic inheritance. Today the new genetics, writes Duster, has once again provided a halo of legitimacy around racist and reactionary stereotypes and has refueled old notions about the "genetics" of a wide range of traits and behaviors.

Like Nelkin and Tancredi, Duster is deeply concerned about the increasing appropriation of genetic explanations for behaviors arising from complex interactions of environmental and genetic causes. Duster notes, however, that the inflated claims for the genetic basis of a wide range of factors, including intelligence and propensity for violence, have generally come not from molecular geneticists but from those outside the field: from psychologists, political scientists and entomologists like E.O. Wilson, the founder of sociobiology, that most imperial of all branches of biology.

This point is crucial. Certainly the history of genetics is laden with horror stories. One has only to look at Charles Davenport, a director of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory and an early proponent of Mendelian genetics in America, who used racist eugenic ideas to defend immigration restriction and sterilization of the genetically "defective." And there is psychiatric geneticist Franz Kallmann, a German Jewish refugee from Hitler and former president of the American Society for Human Genetics, who nonetheless shared his pro-Nazi mentor Ernst Rudin's conviction that schizophrenics and their relatives should be sterilized. But some of the sharpest critiques of eugenics, biological reductionism and conservative ideology masked as biology have come from within the field of genetics.

For example, David Suzuki, a pioneering neurogeneticist and author of a classic genetics textbook, published in 1989 a powerful warning against the misuses of genetics and against "the incredible eagerness with which scientists and nonscientists alike have historically grasped at quick, socially convenient definitions of genetic disability or disease." *Genethics: The Clash Between the New Genetics and Human Values* suggested a set of "genethic" principles, warning that most hereditary human differences involved the interplay of many genes, and that "it is a dangerous simplification to proclaim a causal relationship between human behaviors and so-called 'defects' in human DNA." In *Not in Our Genes: Biology, Ideology and Human Nature*, the evolutionary geneticist R.C. Lewontin, along with neurobiologist Steven Rose and psychologist Leon Kamin, offered a devastating critique of biological determinism, focusing especially on the controversies and scandals surrounding debates over the genetics of I.Q., sex differences and schizophrenia.

Still, Duster argues persuasively that the new genetics may well be used to reinforce existing social inequalities. He worries that widespread mandatory genetic screening, not only for obviously catastrophic illnesses such as Huntington's disease or Tay-Sachs, but for milder forms of disability or even heightened genetic susceptibility, may lead to pressures to eliminate the "defective" fetus which may not, after all, be so defective. In Duster's view, the seemingly neutral discourse of health, medicine and science too often masks "hidden arguments" reflecting political choices and political differences. He offers sobering reminders of racist practices by state health officials, most notably the infamous Tuskegee syphilis experiments begun in 1932, in which 400 black men with untreated latent syphilis were monitored by physicians for forty years to study the "natural history" of the disease, although effective treatment was available and indeed the subjects of the experiment mistakenly believed they were receiving it. Only in the 1970s, as a result of widespread news media attention, was the grotesque experiment finally halted. Genetic counseling and screening programs, Duster adds, are also likely to be immersed in prevailing social and political relationships. Indeed, he suggests that the differences between early sickle cell screening programs, which were mandatory and chaotic, and screening for Tay-Sachs, which was always voluntary and ran more smoothly, owed much to the differing social positions of blacks and Jews in American society.

In the end, Duster questions whether huge investments of public resources should be made in expensive biomedical research, such as the controversial $3 billion Human Genome Project. As he puts it, "Here we have another costly exploration into potential and yet unknown health benefits while we already know enough to save millions by applying existing knowledge." While deaths among

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Mike Gunderloy
Factsheet Five

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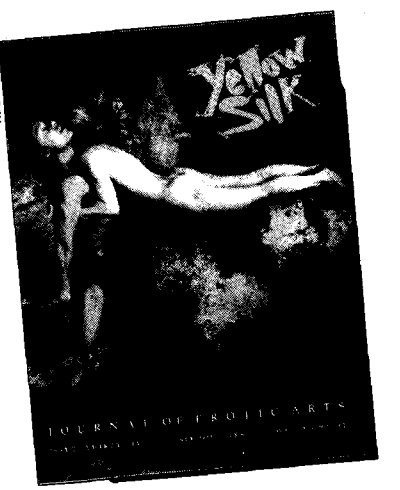

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black men from cancer and heart disease have been rising steadily from known environmental causes such as smoking and residential and occupational hazards associated with poverty, the major biotechnology companies are busy searching for genetic markers of susceptibility to those diseases. "Given the nature of this epidemiology," he writes, "it is not at all clear that the molecular level is where the nation should commit its limited resources as the most effective attack on its greatest health problems." If the scientific evidence points anywhere, "it is more towards what we know now that we can affect in the environment, not to some hypothetical, very expensive and mortgaged future."

For those whose lives are already mortgaged, however, such research may offer the only hope of having any future at all. Surely we should not pose the choice as one between basic biomedical research and public health, since both are essential investments. Attacking the environmental and occupational hazards that lie at the source of much ill health today should not mean doing away with basic science. Framing the choice in this way obscures the fact that even the most generous program of public health will leave untouched many devastating inherited disorders affecting millions of people that cannot be treated by conventional means. The identification of the genes for Ducheenes muscular dystrophy and cystic fibrosis, by revealing the defective proteins at the heart of these disorders, has already tremendously speeded up the search for effective therapies. Gene therapy for certain forms of cancer is already becoming a reality.

While these authors persuasively address the dangers, they stop short of elaborating more positive alternatives for the future. How, for example, would national health insurance mitigate the discrimination now practiced in the United States by private insurance companies and by a corporatized, for-profit medical care system? Indeed, Nelkin has recently suggested that the new diagnostic technologies might make some form of national health insurance more palatable as well as imperative, since private insurers and employers may no longer be willing to cover vast numbers of people once their genetic vulnerabilities become known. It would be useful to consider how Canada and Western European countries with various systems of socialized medicine are addressing these issues, a perspective that would offer suggestive points of comparison.

Nelkin and Tancredi do sketch a number of proposals. They underscore the importance of strengthening laws and policies protecting privacy. They point out that there are precedents for such regulation—as for example in the use of census data. They emphasize that the availability of diagnostic tests should not necessarily mandate their use, and that professionals could be limited to offering them only when preventive or therapeutic measures would benefit the tested individual. Already the American Society for Human Genetics has proposed guidelines to prevent genetic discrimination. And it is worth noting that the Human Genome Project has allocated 3 percent or more of its funding to consider the social, ethical and legal issues arising from rapidly expanding genetic knowledge.

The broadest possible dialogue on these issues is absolutely crucial to shaping an informed public policy. By examining the power of the new genetic and diagnostic technologies to heal and to harm, these lucid, landmark books significantly advance the debate on how the new knowledge will be used. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Van Dyck

An artist whom I greatly admire achieved at one point in her career a considerable, if local, reputation through drawings she produced of Boston and Cambridge. Her images were products of her own exuberant style and of the styles of the characteristic streets and edifices of brick and wrought iron and ornamental window frames and cornices that define those places visually. But there was a third variable in the unmistakable equation of her work that was less visible than these other two when her celebrity was at its flood, when her drawings were collected and reproduced in books and made into posters and widely imitated. She came to recognize this factor only years after she had left Cambridge for New York, and had returned to the site of her early success, which she now could see through unillusioned eyes. The places she had drawn with such affection were still quaint and quirky, and possessed of a picturesque charm. But she saw them for what they were now, and no longer as enwrapped in a cloud of magic. She had, in ways it would repay a seminar in art history or aesthetics to study, created a visual myth of these places, and it was this myth that made her images so compelling to those whose own perceptions she had somehow made objective. She had defined for her viewers the reality as they wanted it to be; but because she and they really saw things as she drew them, they did not realize that they had enveloped visual reality with a myth of enchantment. Saul Steinberg, in his famous *New Yorker* cover, depicted the world as seen by New Yorkers, making a way of seeing instantly recognizable. My artist did not bring her enthusiasts' way of seeing to conscious awareness in that way, which is why it remained a myth. She had intuited what they had wanted to believe about their city, and presented it to them as if it were visual truth, charmingly drawn. Later she was able to see the myth as itself because she no longer shared it, was viewing it from the outside.

Between the style and the subject of an artist there can often be found this third quality, which is the sense of a world to which artist and subject together belong—a way of seeing, a sense of being, a mode of mythic perception. The style of the Impressionists, for example, is unmistakable, and their characteristic subjects can almost be listed: fields of flowers, distant stands of poplars, women in flounced skirts under bright parasols, boaters, waltzers, drinkers in boulevard cafes, the Seine, the Norman Coast. But style and subject together are in the service of a shared vision of life, and it would have been this further sense of having given visual embodiment to a world that drew to the Impressionists their first patrons, and that gives their works today the poignancy they possess for those of us who can see that world from without, as something that excludes us. There must have come a point in the history of Impressionism when the fact that there was this embodied world became visible, for discrepancies between it and reality revealed the former for what it was—a visual myth. Whenever that difference dawned, after it Impressionism remained an artistic option only as a manner, as an archaism, as a posture of external address. Whatever the explanation, the world of the Impressionists vanished as something one could live, and it survived only in their paintings, which enable us to enter it vicariously.

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What one might call the world of Anthony Van Dyck is perhaps the single most striking feature of the paintings he did in the greatest period of his energetic, truncated career, from the time of his knighthood and appointment in 1632 as "principall Paynter in Ordinary to their Majesties"—Charles I of England and his Queen, Henrietta Maria—until his death in 1641. Strictly, it was no more his world than it was the world of those very majesties, whom he portrayed as they believed themselves to be and as those who formed the society of their court believed them to be: as the incarnation of heroic virtue and the embodiment of love and beauty. The Caroline Court was in a sense encapsulated in English society—a bubble of ritual and of refined etiquette fragilely afloat in a rough, coarse population of louts and fanatics, and inhabited by men and women who believed themselves to occupy an almost Platonic plane of exalted being. And what Van Dyck achieved was the portrayal of this world from within, giving external expression to a vision that was instantly accepted as truth. Everything in his paintings of those years is penetrated and is explained by the feelings he objectified, and the body of his work has passed into history intact with the world that gave it life but did not long survive his death.

The objective conditions that gave credibility to Van Dyck's world ceased to hold in a way he could not have imagined, nor can we imagine what would have happened to Van Dyck as an artist when the world he and his subjects believed in was unmasked as myth. "He had recorded the luminous, tranquil years that Whitehall would not see again," wrote C.V. Wedgwood in her masterly *The King's War*: "Men of dimmer vision and clumsier hands would record the worried faces of the coming decade." (Writing at the end of the 1980s, when it is said all round that New York will not see such times again, one wonders if the world of those years is not present in their paintings, to become visible at a later time.) Van Dyck's subjects of those years stand bathed in the haunting brilliance of a remembered dream not known for what it was by those who dreamed it. In the dream, men and women were almost wholly spiritual beings. In truth, they were as human—all-too-human—as the rest of the country: greedy and lustful, ambitious and intolerant. But it is a tribute to Charles and Henrietta Maria that they were able to impart to such persons this sense of the court as a blessed precinct; and it is a tribute to the art of Van Dyck that he captured this feeling so convincingly that his patrons might see themselves in his paintings as little different from what they believed they were seeing in their mirrors. Van Dyck's style, of course, lived on into the nineteenth century as the conventional framework of English portraiture. But in the astonishing span during which Charles ruled as a god (as he would have seen it) or as a tyrant (as a fair number of his subjects viewed it), Van Dyck's world was not regarded as a manner or a convention, a knack of the brush or an exercise of virtuosity, but the spiritual truth shown as visual reality.

The first of the canvases that convey this conviction in the splendid exhibition of Van Dyck's work on view until February 24 in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., is a brilliant double portrait of the King and Queen, done in the year in which Van Dyck arrived in London to take up his artistic responsibilities. Indeed, it is possible to view the sixty-odd works that precede it (beginning with an amazing head of an elderly man in ruffed collar, which Van Dyck painted as a prodigy at 14!) as the artist's preparation for his call to England and the artistic mission of his life. Charles I had a passion for painting—he was said, by Rubens without flattery, to have been a connoisseur, *le prince le plus amateur de la peinture qui soit au monde*. But beyond that he had a profound sense for the power of images, and it is to his immense credit that he sensed in Van Dyck exactly the artist he required to give pictorial definition to the meaning of kingship as he believed in and lived it. From his father, Charles took over the belief in the divine right of monarchs to rule, and that a king was a kind of demi-god vested with a transcendent political authority, and under obligation to project this awesome vocation in the entire style of his life: "God gave not Kings the stile of Gods in vaine" opens James's treatise on kingship. So the "stile of Gods" was intended to demonstrate to those who understood it as a symbolic language that the divine kingdom was an earthly reality. Everything—manners, costumes, facial demeanor, cuisine, syntax, furniture, decoration, the structures of leisure and, in Charles's court, above all the masques in which the King and Queen danced before their courtiers the allegories of their relationship to one

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another and to the world—belonged to this language, which, just as Wittgenstein would say, specified a form of life. In point of faith in the efficacy of ritual enactment, there is little to choose between the masquers of the Stuart court and the rain dancers of the Zuñi.

It was altogether natural, against this background, for Charles to have sought an artist who would not so much represent the court as embody the meanings that defined it *as if* merely representing the court, and Van Dyck intuited what was required of him. His portraits were not to be so much exact physiognomic likenesses as enhanced visual equivalences of his sitters, translated into paint. The great marriage portrait thus manages to make the cloudy allegory of the marriage relationship into a convincing emotional presence. It knots into a single image religious acceptance, married love, war and peace, art and political authority. The King and Queen, after all, belonged to different religions, and what better image could be found for the harmony of faiths than the wedded condition of the adherents? Protestants and Catholics were tearing at one another's throats in 1632, the unspeakable atrocity of the Thirty Years' War having scarcely run half its tortured course by then. The King has his left hand on the pommel of his sword, showing his readiness to fight (Charles's readiness to fight was perhaps what did him in), but with his right hand he has extended an olive wreath to his wife. She holds the emblem of peace with her left hand as she prepares to hand him a sprig of laurel with her right, as if the crown of poetry were to be the reward of peace. It is like a double ring ceremony of solemn interchange. The King, in an opulent suit of rose-colored silk, looks with great tenderness toward his wife, who looks outward to the viewer, as if to ascertain that their complex transaction has been duly registered. Charles wears the Order of the Garter, and beside him are the golden paraphernalia of royalty. The Queen wears the kind of dress in which Van Dyck chose to portray his women subjects, in this case oyster white silk with an intricate lace collar, and ribbons the color of the King's coat. Dark curtains swag behind the royal couple in order to set off the luminousness of their garments visually and to reveal, symbolically, through the parting between them, the sun manifesting itself through breaking clouds. But beneath the play of symbols there is in this great painting an unmistakable emotional reality: Charles and Henrietta Maria were in truth married lovers, and Van Dyck succeeds in showing them to us as they were seen in each other's eyes. It is this that gives conviction to Van Dyck's image and situates it, with Rembrandt's *Jewish Bride* and Van Eyck's *Arnolfini Wedding*, in the anthology of artistic testimonies to the wedded union of two persons.

Van Dyck cast a transfigurative spell, turning subjects into what they believed they were.

One has the sense that the Caroline Court was sentimental to an almost Victorian degree. *Thomas Killigrew and William, Lord Crofts* shows the former in an elaborate mourning costume, against a broken pillar whose meaning is transparent, wearing an expression of melancholy grief. His dead wife's wedding ring is fixed with a black ribbon to his wrist, her cross attached to his sleeve. He is being comforted by his friend, reading to him what we must assume is a text of consolation, though Van Dyck has left the page blank, deliberately, one must suppose, more confident perhaps in the power of his image to convey sympathy than in the power of words to override loss. It is somehow extremely moving that Thomas Killigrew, bereft at 26, should have commissioned Van Dyck to depict him just when his sense of loss was at its keenest, and should have wished to be preserved, for as long as the painting endured, as a man who showed acute feeling, as though nothing that might happen to him in afteryears could erase or diminish this severe moment. But there is a sense of melancholy in all the portraits of these years, nowhere more marked than in *Charles I in Three Positions*, which Van Dyck executed for the use of the sculptor Bernini, who would be able, from the right profile, full-face and left three-quarters view of Charles (in different costumes as well) to fashion a marble portrait of the King. Writers have remarked on Charles's *volto funesto*, and Bernini himself is credited with having seen inscribed in sad features some foreboding of his tragic end, and the end of the courtly dance he inspired and led. But the triple portrait was executed in 1635-36, when the King was at the pinnacle of his period of absolute rule, and was almost certainly protected, in part by the illusions of courtly life, in part by his own profoundly shortsighted views of political reality outside the Court, from any premonition of it all coming to an end. That the King should be executed was unthinkable, as close to a contradiction as Charles could have imagined. It has been argued, by Roy Strong in a fascinating essay on Van Dyck's *Charles I on Horseback*, that the King's look is instead part of an official expression of philosophical melancholy, worn by members of the Caroline aristocracy as they wore lace collars, to convey a fashionable image of elegiac sensibility. Even feelings, after all, are social constructs of a kind, and without wishing to diminish Thomas Killigrew's feeling of bereavement, it is almost certain that his facial expression suits the occasion of his displaying it, the way his slashed black garment does.

What is difficult to ascertain is the extent to which this look was as much the invention of Van Dyck as was his way of giving figures a certain elongation and slenderness, and their fingers that unmistakable combination of delicacy and strength that presses against the boundaries of caricature. Van Dyck's women, in their trailing skirts of white or crimson satin, are often shown with small accompanying figures to enhance their height—children depicted as particularly short to achieve this effect, or blackamoors looking adoringly up, as if to the face of a goddess or, as in one standing portrait of Henrietta Maria, with a splendidly proportioned dwarf carrying a monkey on his velveted arm. And the faces of the women are cunningly reduced to make the thinned-down body soar. An art-school formula has the head equal one-seventh the total height of the well-proportioned figure, but I compute Henrietta Maria as being something over nine heads tall—not too noticeable an exaggeration, and concealed by the ample sweep of her skirt, but enough to confer upon her the dimension of a goddess, which she perhaps thought herself to be, as Charles certainly believed himself a god. It helps illustrate how distant we are from the premises of Caroline London that a belief that would qualify someone for insanity in New York today was taken as a simple truth of the universe in 1640, when the last masque was staged, and until 1649, when Charles stepped bravely to the scaffold. But what model would a painter have had for depicting a god's face in 1636 other than the face of Christ,

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with its soft beard and eyes of sad acknowledgment and lips of resigned acceptance? Charles was, like Don Quixote, a Knight of the Sad Countenance. It was only an artifact of history that he was destined for execution: Van Dyck merely made him fashionably *triste* and suitably divine.

Or, in the deflationary words of C.V. Wedgwood, "The inhibited, adenoidal face of King Charles, unflatteringly rendered by Mytens, [was] transfigured by Van Dyck's hand with indefinable spiritual grandeur." Mytens was a Dutch master who held Van Dyck's position before the latter came and rendered the former's style obsolete. Still, Mytens has a value for us in showing what people looked like before Van Dyck cast his transfigurative spell and turned them into what they believed they were. Occasionally, we get glimpses of the truth from other sources. Imagine someone who knew the Court only as we know it, from Van Dyck's paintings of svelte lordlings and elegant ladies in rich garments, tall and sad against metaphorical skies. Princess Sophia, the sister of Prince Rupert, at first knew only such pictures. But then she came to Whitehall, and confided to her diary that "the Queen (so beautiful in her picture) is a little woman with long lean arms, crooked shoulders, and teeth protruding from her mouth like guns from a fort." No one could see this in Van Dyck's wonderful portraits of her, which even so have their inner truth if, as I imagine, they show the Queen as the King her lover believed her to be, as the essence of love and beauty, as the very image of the goddess Venus on earth, as she was depicted in one of the masques.

I think Van Dyck a difficult painter to appreciate today, and to do so one must certainly find a way into the world he created and try to see his subjects as he enabled them to see themselves. I would head for the great marriage portrait first, to let it work on you. You might next seek out another double portrait, whose internal nexus this time is friendship rather than marital love, and that shows Van Dyck himself with his friend and patron Endymion Porter. Their two left hands rest side by side, not touching but in communication, on the back of a chair. Van Dyck's right hand points toward his heart. He displays himself as a Caroline gentleman—it would not have been compliant with *his* visual myth to portray himself as a painter, muddling about the studio. He is the equal of his friend, but, as the mark of friendship, he shows himself as smaller than Endymion Porter, and much less splendid. A small, dapper, handsome man, Van Dyck diminishes and darkens himself in order to give greater splendor to his friend, broad and luminous in his white costume and ribboned sleeves. Endymion, as Romeo says of Juliet, is the sun.

Whatever one's sympathies, religious or political, finally one will be gripped by the spirit of this world, and can then proceed at leisure to study its emergence, as one of the miracles of the painterly art, through the extraordinary work that led up to it. You might pause before the double portrait of Cornelis and Lucas de Wael, done in Genoa in 1626, with its forecast of the self-portrait with Endymion Porter of nine years later, when Van Dyck's power was at its height. Or before the illustration of a scene in Tasso, *Rinaldo and Armida*, which is about the power of love. It was ordered by Charles; Endymion Porter served as the middleman and is reputed to have occasioned Charles's invitation to Van Dyck. These are external ligatures whose transfigurations as *internal* bonds animate the world you will have entered. □

BOOK NOTE.

GENE SANTORO

STONE ALONE: The Story of a Rock 'n' Roll Band. *By Bill Wyman, with Ray Coleman. Viking. 594 pp. $22.95.*

Bassist Bill Wyman—you know, the guy off to the side of the stage who never moves, almost never smiles and locks up with drummer Charlie Watts and guitarist Keith Richards to create the oddly fluid chug-a-lug rhythms that have been the heartbeat of the Rolling Stones for a quarter-century—has always been a pack rat. He's saved every scrap of info he ever got his hands on about what has long been billed as The World's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band. *Stone Alone*, which covers the group's history up through the death of founder Brian Jones in 1969, is the result.

Wyman has always been the odd Stone out. Several years older than the others, married with a kid when the group was formed and Mick Jagger, Richards and Jones were sharing a squalid London-boho squat, a non-drug user in the midst of the psychedelic ferment, Wyman has his own preoccupations. Some of them, like his miffed ego—the Jagger-Richards songwriting juggernaut effectively blocked other Stones' contributions—are understandable, even if, judging by Wyman's own recorded efforts, that was probably just as well. (Throughout the book, he cites his work with unheard-of bands as evidence of his songwriting and production prowess.) Others, like his focus on money (one of *Stone Alone*'s structural motifs is a running tally of Wyman's bank balances) and groupies (he's quite proud of having "pulled" more—several times more, by his count—than any other Stone) are either unconsciously funny or annoying, depending on your mood. All of them slow the book down, no thanks to Ray Coleman, whose computer seems to emit the same uncritical fog here as in his *Clapton!* (Warner).

Still, *Stone Alone* has a lot to recommend it, especially to its automatic audience, the group's millions of fans. For instance, it's a truism that for years the Stones (and their concert-going followers) were targeted and harassed by authorities wherever they turned up. Some previous books on the band have amply documented this. But Wyman, in his relentless fashion, piles on the insider descriptions, date after date, concert after concert, drug bust after drug bust, court appearance after court appearance. It has the desired effect: You begin to empathize with what the band felt and understand why they'd think of themselves and their fans as the butts of a largely unwarranted persecution. That harassment would cement their outsider status so securely that even now, years after they've become establishment pillars, they still trade on their image as rock's biggest outlaws.

In their early days, it was founder Brian Jones, not Jagger or Richards, who embodied that bad-boy sensibility. Ironically, his schizophrenic attitude—he wanted the fame and glory of the pop star but at the same time wanted to retain an experimental and rootsy musical stance—was his undoing. Wyman breaks little new ground here. He depicts the group's beginnings as Jones's blues band (under the guiding eye of Alexis Korner), their linkup with manager Andrew Loog Oldham, the formation of the Oldham-Jagger-Richards power axis and Jones's decline in influence once the Stones started writing and producing their own material rather than covering his beloved blues masters. It was the beginning of the long, slow, druggy drift toward the end

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for Jones, who couldn't get his own songwriting together (although virtually everyone cited in *Stone Alone* and elsewhere insists that he was by far the Stones' most gifted player—his ability to pick up virtually any instrument and coax odd little touches from it enlivened countless cuts). Jones gradually stopped attending recording sessions until, by mutual agreement, he finally left the group he'd started. He drowned in his pool soon after.

Wyman's take on Jones's personality is almost as schizophrenic as Jones's own outlook. On one page he'll praise Jones's sensitivity and creativity; on the next he'll complain of his deliberately hurtful "jokes" and monumental narcissism. Wyman's views of the other Stones can be almost as contradictory—which has the perhaps unintended effect of presenting them in the round, as real people rather than caricatures. For instance, if Jagger is the group's calculating, hardheaded businessman who uses the Stones' petty cash to cover a lot of personal expenses (which particularly irks Wyman), he's also the guy who spends weeks doing the final mixes for their recordings (which Wyman notices but doesn't seem to grasp the significance of, since he's constantly pouting that his own musical efforts get underplayed) and getting their musical and extramusical empires in workable order.

The myriad details, the strength of the pack rat, are what makes *Stone Alone* both slow going and hard to put down. It's no breeze getting through the intricate financial ins and outs of the Stones' disagreements with the American Allen Klein, who ousted first Oldham's partner, Eric Easton, and then Oldham himself as their manager and eventually walked away from a bitter and protracted dispute with the band with the rights to their early recording catalogue. But since the facts paint such a scarifying picture of business life even for musicians at the top, they're well worth the wade. Appendix 2, which lists and dates every record, award, TV and film appearance, radio shot and concert from the group's beginning through 1969, is a valuable source for Stones fans. (The only thing missing is serial numbers for the discs; Wyman does provide detailed track listings so you can see the differences between U.S. and U.K. releases.)

So if *Stone Alone* doesn't completely supplant other outstanding books on the band, like Stanley Booth's *Dance With the Devil*, it does fill in nuances that could come only from an insider, even as distanced an insider as Wyman. The diminutive bassist says there'll be a follow-up volume to take us into the present. In some ways, that's bound to be at least a bit of an anticlimax, like the Stones' musical career itself. But I've gotta admit, although I'm still groaning about parts of the first book, I'm already kinda looking forward to the second. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 110*)

ing With Conflict," Dec. 31]. But in considering her review, readers should keep in mind the title of her book of some years ago, *The Romance of American Communism*, in which Gornick used fictional names for the people whom she interviewed and discussed. That showed good sense, because the quotes and more generally the personas she attributed to people had at least as much to do with Gornick and fiction as with history or fact.

Gornick interviewed me for her book; with some work I was able to see a connection between what I said and the comments she put in the mouth of the resulting character in her *Romance*. I didn't complain at the time, at least not too loudly, because of the use of fictional names and because no one took her book seriously as history.

But *Dorothy Healey Remembers* is an attempt at a serious look at the Communist Party and my experiences in it. In her review Gornick attributes direct quotations to me, or comments about me, that come from her earlier work and are factually incorrect or, more serious, distort my politics and significant aspects of my life. Some examples: She quotes me as talking about my "years with the fruit pickers." I worked with workers in the vegetable and cotton fields, cannery workers and walnut shellers. I would never use the words "fruit pickers." For better or worse, I never "slept and got drunk with them . . . helped bury their men and deliver their babies"; nor is it true that we "talked endlessly into the night together." That is an image from a romance, not from my life.

I've never used language that she attributes to me such as "the incomparable thrill of having ten thousand people cheer when I spoke" or "the narrowness and the stupidity of the Party" or the rest of her inflated prose. A final example of the problem is her conflation of Hermann Hesse and Healey in her attribution to me of "The dailiness is what you are, and there is always the danger that you will become what you are. . . ." I don't know what that sentence means, but I know that I'd never utter it. Still, I am sure I would enjoy meeting her Dorothy Healey. We do have a certain amount in common.

Dorothy Ray Healey

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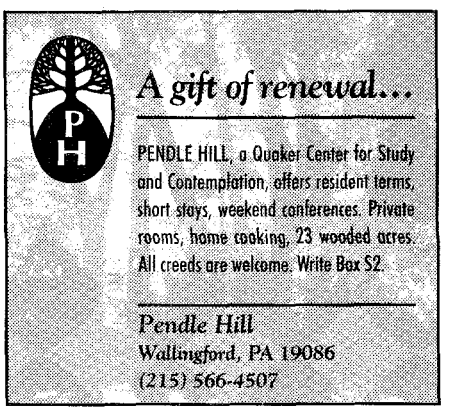
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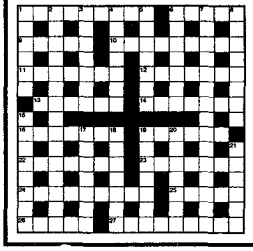

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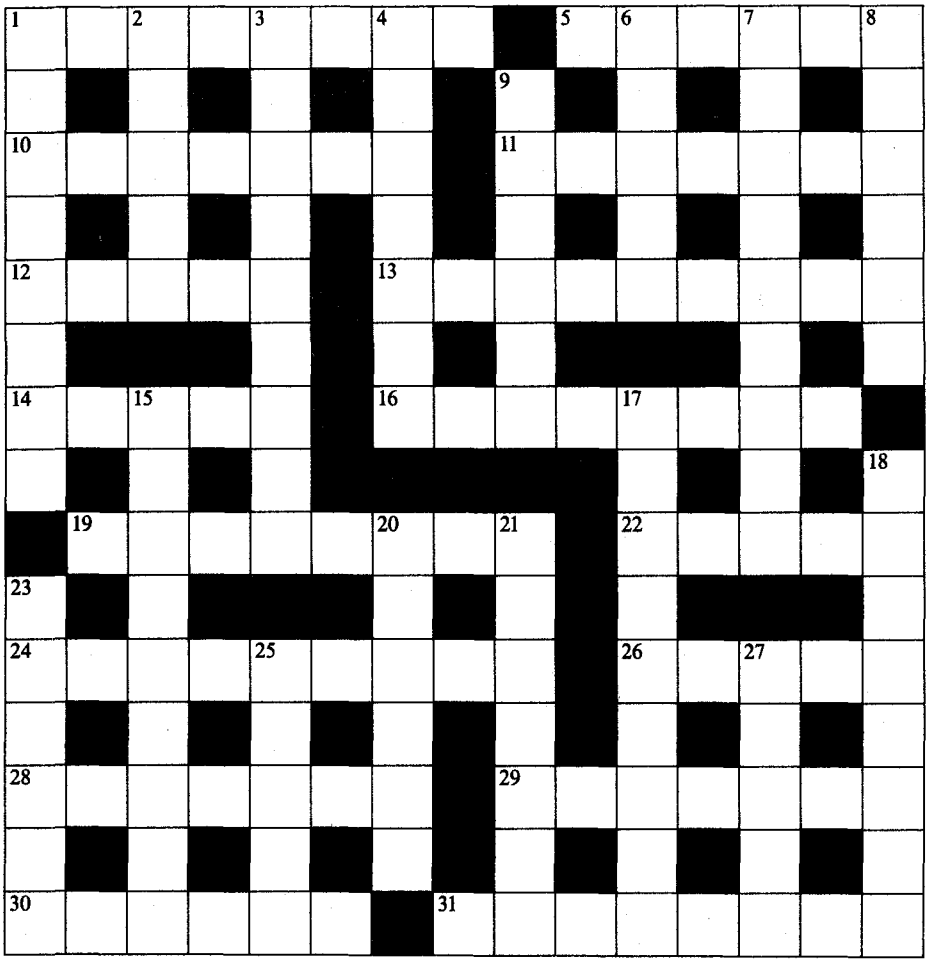

ACROSS

1 They went west with one in the docks. (8)
5 See 12
10 How one edits the results of Communist parliamentary action? (7)
11 Possibly race in the fall of William the founder, and a hill-dweller. (7)
12 and 5 A polite request, conditional on the second person ending up asleep, perhaps. (2,3,6)
13 Correct in a good superlative, and most intelligent, as they say. (9)
14 What the game is sometimes said to be? And by a good 12 inches . . . (5)
16 . . . and said improperly to be leeched at one time, if put out of action. (8)
19 After a usual beginning, went ahead. (One is surprised to be so.) (8)
22 and 6 down A sign on the door that implies a vacancy inside? (3,2,5)
24 Elia, like Kennedy, gets badly beaten. (Sounds like the spring was juicy!) (9)
26 and 28 Might be a peculiar form of "resists"—familiar to followers of Macbeth. (5,7)
29 Ran badly and put behind bars because of the slaughter? (7)
30 Continue with what you might submit with an application form. (6)
31 *A k a* Ulysses. (8)

DOWN

1 A quiet worker, but only partially active. (8)
2 In a manner not even Todd Lyons displays. (5)
3 Cowardly when brief? (9)
4 That's the last thing you'll see of Citizen Kane! (Stood up to get something off the tree, too.) (7)
6 See 22 across
7 A rather low level of rank reduction. (9)
8 The Fourth? Press for it. (6)
9 A broken hip in sort of sad circumstances could make gardening a problem! (6)
15 Do they hope to see better? (9)
17 Invertebrates that eat only leaves? (9)
18 If stated to be mine, some slight dismay is implied! (8)
20 The last word of the French examination. (6)
21 Figured out what Italy was with the loss of a leader. (7)
23 One who shuts things up is relatively near. (6)
25 A ray of light on the side? (5)
27 Angry at being in a state of anger? (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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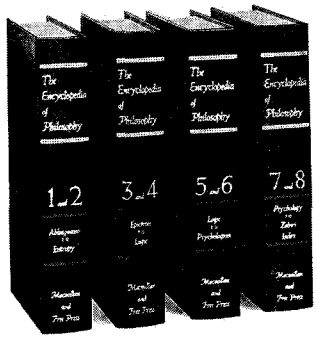

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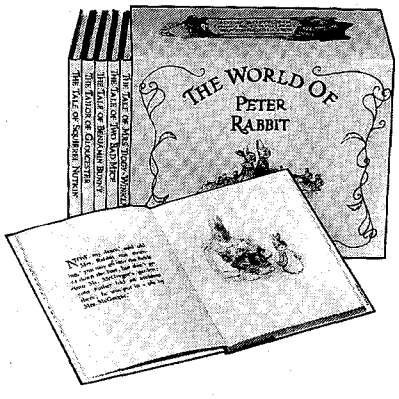

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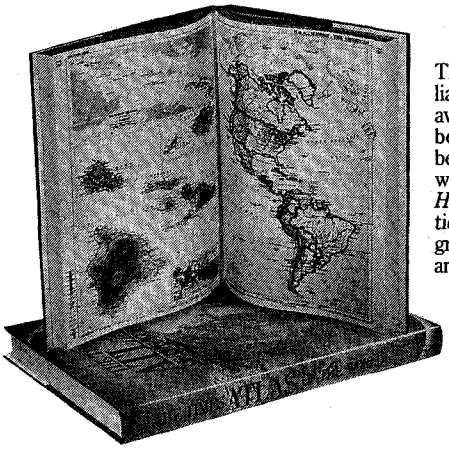

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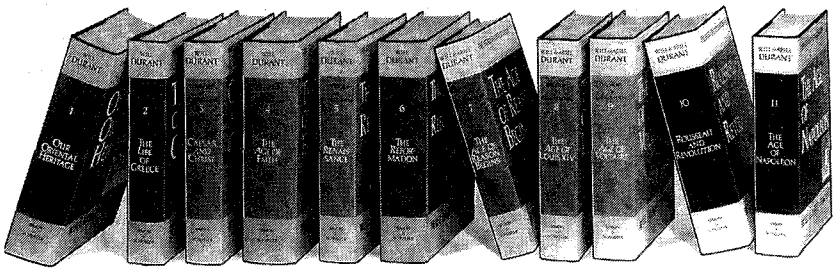

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